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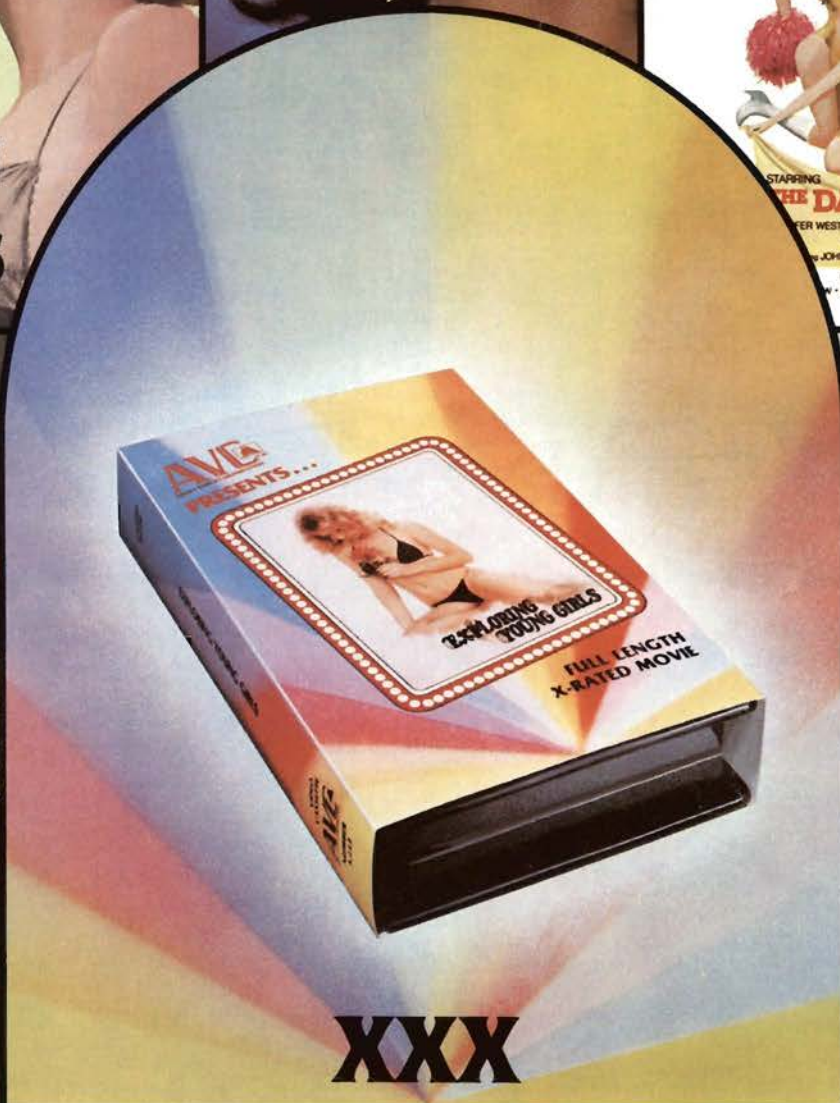
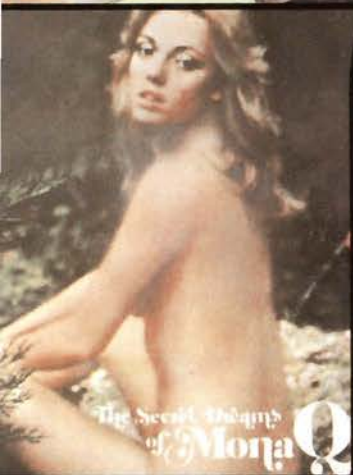
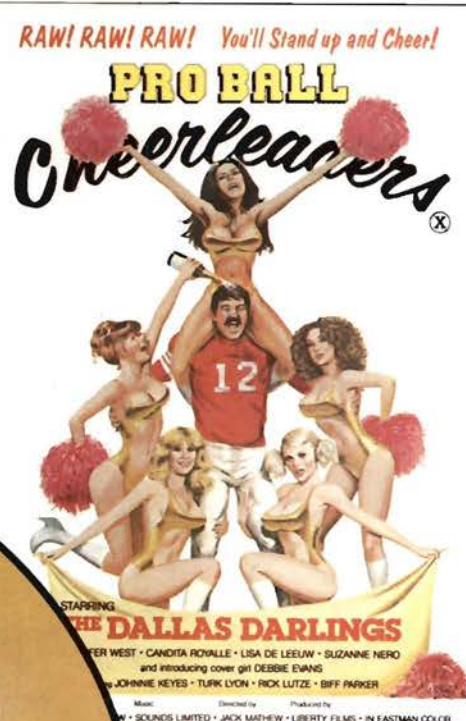
NOVEMBER 1980 \$2.95

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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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HUSTLER NOVEMBER 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 5

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



The Politics of Morality

One of the basic principles of our democracy is the separation of church and state. There's a damn good reason for that. Government exists to conduct affairs of state, solve problems and protect our rights. Government simply has no business telling us what religion to practice or what moral values we should subscribe to.

That's why I'm shocked and disgusted by the tone of moral righteousness that has taken over American politics. It's almost reached the point where being born again (as are Ronald Reagan, Jimmy Carter and John Anderson) is considered essential to anyone running for President. I'm sick of hearing talk about a "return to decency," or a "solution to our spiritual crisis" or a "strengthening of the family unit."

I'm not saying there's anything wrong with holding strong private religious convictions. And I'm certainly for decency, spiritual health and family life. But these are moral matters that should be settled in the consciences of individuals. They have no place in the political arena.

Our Founding Fathers knew what they were doing when they established the separation of church and state in the Constitution. They were aware there would be no freedom of religion—or freedom *from* religion—if the dogma of any one faith were imposed as official government policy.

Unless religion is kept completely out of government, we are faced with the danger of one religion gaining power and forcing everyone to abide by its set of moral principles. That's exactly what has happened in Iran, where the Ayatollah Khomeini's cruel repression is now the law of the land. Where would we be if the Catholic Church, for example, controlled our laws and forced all of us—not just Catholics—to accept its policies on abortion, contraception and extramarital sex?

Jimmy Carter pulled a spiritual con job on us in 1976. Instead of talking about the issues, he snowed the people with propaganda about what a decent, moral Christian he was. We heard more about Carter's being born again than we heard about his stands on the issues, as if his having God on his side was going to solve our problems. "I will never lie to you," he kept repeating—and that was the biggest lie he ever told.

This year John Anderson presented himself as an alternative to the dismal choice that the Republicans and Democrats were offering. But this is the same John Anderson who once sponsored a Constitutional amendment that would have given for-

mal recognition to "the authority and laws of Jesus Christ, Savior and Ruler of Nations." Didn't he know that America was built on religious tolerance? Did he intend to disenfranchise the 3% of our population that's Jewish? Or the other 25% that's non-Christian? I shudder to think what would have happened to our country if this stupid idea had been successful.

Nowhere has this dangerous mix of religion and politics been so evident as at the Republican National Convention this summer. The convention hall was infested with fundamentalist, evangelical right-wingers who see Ronald Reagan as a candidate who can take their campaign for repression straight into the White House. Make no mistake about it—these people represent a powerful political force that has already influenced Republican policies and Ronald Reagan himself.

The Reverend Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority was well-represented at the Republican convention. That group, along with "Christians for Reagan," helped sway Reagan to come out against the Equal Rights Amendment. As far as I'm concerned, these crusaders for decency are moral Fascists. When they talk about saving the family from the evils of spiritual decadence, what they really mean to do is impose their repressive mentality on the rest of us. In the name of the "family" these people would take away the hard-earned rights of women and homosexuals, as well as the sexual rights of all of us. They would take away your right to read what you choose. They are deadly serious about all this.

It's unbelievable that Ronald Reagan is listening to these people. But he has their support, and he will owe them favors if he is elected President. I can't think of anything more frightening than having a man in the White House who has *anything* to do with organized groups of Bible-thumping bluenoses.

And he's a hypocrite, to boot. With all their talk about the sacred "family," the Reagan-led Republicans were proud to present Glen Campbell to sing the national anthem at the convention. Campbell has been divorced two times and is now living out of wedlock with country singer Tanya Tucker. Reagan himself was divorced once. So much for the "family."

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*

\$1-MILLION GIVEAWAY CONTEST

NOTICE TO ALL ENTRANTS!

The date of the \$1-Million Giveaway Contest drawing has been changed to October 31, 1980. The drawing will be held at 12 noon at the ABC Entertainment Center, 2040 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, California.

October 31, 1980, as the date for the drawing in HUSTLER Magazine's \$1-Million Giveaway Contest.

The Giveaway's original December 1978 drawing date was postponed in the wake of my assassination and my subsequent lengthy hospitalization and rehabilitation. I want to thank you thousands of readers who entered the Giveaway contest and who have waited so patiently for its conclusion. I look forward to the drawing and the selection of the lucky winners.

All persons who sent in qualified entries prior to the contest deadline of November 30, 1978, will be eligible for the drawing to determine the winners. The finalists for the Grand Prize will be guests of HUSTLER Magazine at the January 1981 Super Bowl game in New Orleans. In accordance with the formula spelled out in the original contest rules, a Grand Winner will be selected from the ten finalists, based on the final score of the Super Bowl.

Larry Flynt

This special election issue of **HUSTLER** devotes most of its editorial space to American politics of the past, present and future. We've sifted through the hype and hoopla to give you, our readers, a real perspective on the political system and the people who are (and who would like to be) running it.

An important insight into the American Presidency is that our nation's chief executives have not been superhuman heroes, but mortal men with very human weaknesses. **HUSTLER** Articles Editor **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS** chronicles the wildest of private-life Presidential shenanigans in **WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES: SCANDALS OF THE FIRST FAMILIES**. A journalist for 20 years, Lewis is no stranger to the political scene. He interviewed many high-ranking officials, including Gerald Ford, while researching his book *The Scavengers and Critics of the Warren Report* (Delacorte), which dealt with the theories surrounding the 1963 assassination of John F. Kennedy. Lewis's articles have appeared in *Playboy*, *Life*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *New York* magazine and the *New York Times*. **JOHN ANDREWS**, a Los Angeles-based artist and a frequent **HUSTLER** contributor, provided the illustration.

The White House isn't the only building in Washington with a legacy of scandalous behavior. The Capitol is currently housing a number of bribe-taking, self-serving U.S. legislators, and the most contemptible of the lot are identified by **CALVIN ZON** in **AMERICA'S 10 WORST CONGRESSMEN**. After nearly a decade as a reporter for the *Washington Star*, Zon resigned this year to work free-lance.

If high-level corruption and incompetence are discomfiting, political fanaticism inspires outright fear. **MICHAEL CHANCE** has written a chilling profile



Cover by Bob Vez

of ultraconservative Presidential candidate **LYNDON LaROUCHE: AMERICAN POLITICAL FANATIC**. LaRouche is gathering cultlike followers, and has an army trained in terrorism, as well as financial backing from some of America's largest corporations. Chance has covered extremist groups for the Underground Press Syndicate and *High Times* magazine. His work has also appeared in *Esquire*, the *New York Daily News* and the *Los Angeles Free Press*.


The companion artwork includes a cutout on page 57 that can be placed over the LaRouche illustration for a visual insight into his character. The art was rendered by **ROGER BERGEN-DORFF**, whose previous commissions have included ads for Warner Brothers Records, Harley-Davidson and Hueb-lein Liquors, Inc.

In a special feature this month, **HUSTLER** Publisher **LARRY FLYNT** offers his personal view of **WHAT'S**

WRONG WITH AMERICAN POLITICS, a close-up look at the inadequacies of a two-party system that continually serves up a pathetic choice of candidates. For the illustrations, we called on **DAERICK GROSS**, an artist and caricaturist whose work has appeared in **HUSTLER**, **CHIC** and *Playgirl*. He has also illustrated several books, including *Great Male Dancers of the Ballet* (Doubleday) and a work-in-progress, *The Athlete's Body*.

November's fiction, **THE IMAGE-MAKER** by **BEN PESTA**, is a story about the making of a political candidate by his beautiful and ruthlessly ambitious public-relations lady. Pesta, currently working on a novel, is the former Editorial Director of **CHIC**. His articles have appeared in *Esquire*, *New West*, *Rolling Stone*, *Crawdaddy*, *Oui*, *Eros*, *True*, *Next*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Glamour*, as well as **HUSTLER**. The artwork was produced by **HUSTLER** regular **MICK MCGINTY**.

Politicians aren't the only ones who stand to benefit from rubbing people the right way. **MAXWELL EDEN**, the author of this month's provocative *Sex Play*, offers expert advice on **HOW TO GIVE AN EROTIC MASSAGE**. Eden, who uncovered the mystique of "The Female Orgasm" in September's *Sex Play*, is a West Coast free-lance writer who is presently completing work on a novel. **CURT HOPPE**, a New York-based erotic painter and photographer who illustrated last month's fiction, *The Perfect Caper*, provided the art.

A long, stimulating massage may be just what you (and a friend) will need to help cope as election-time furor reaches its peak. Sit back, relax and rest assured that you can count on **HUSTLER** to provide facts and insights on the important issues of the day. Unlike our dismal crop of fast-talking politicians, **HUSTLER** keeps its promises. 



Richard Warren Lewis



Calvin Zon



Michael Chance



Daerick Gross



Ben Pesta

Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!



By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use S/A Hypnotism, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better — much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"



And now, you too, can learn to use S/A Hypnotism to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn S/A Hypnotism. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use S/A Hypnotism.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of S/A Hypnotism for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 15¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: S/A Hypnotism works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime — maybe you should give S/A Hypnotism an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Mirobar Sales, Dept. HU1180
P.O. Box 11, 904 Ethan Allen Hwy.
Richfield, Connecticut 06877

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1976 Silverman Research

Fur Crazy: How many animals had to be sacrificed in order to drape *Miranda: Soft Touch* (top photo) in luxury for your September centerfold? Animal fur may look beautiful and sensuous, but did it occur to you morons that by showing it in a photo-feature like this, you are subtly encouraging people to support the fur industry? Leave that to the consumption-crazed fashion magazines. The wholesale slaughter of defenseless creatures for human profit and egos is more than revolting—it's criminal. The only fur that belongs in HUSTLER is between your models' legs. —M. M. Portland, Oregon

Female Orgasm: September's *Sex Play*, "The Female Orgasm" (center), was very helpful to both me and my girlfriend. She is not very sexually experienced, and she rarely had an orgasm when we made love. After reading your article, we discussed the problem in depth for the first time. She had never wanted me to go down on her (although I was willing), but she agreed to try it because it was recommended in your article. She had an orgasm on the second try and has had several since in various positions. Thanks, HUSTLER, from both of us! —Name and Address Withheld by Request

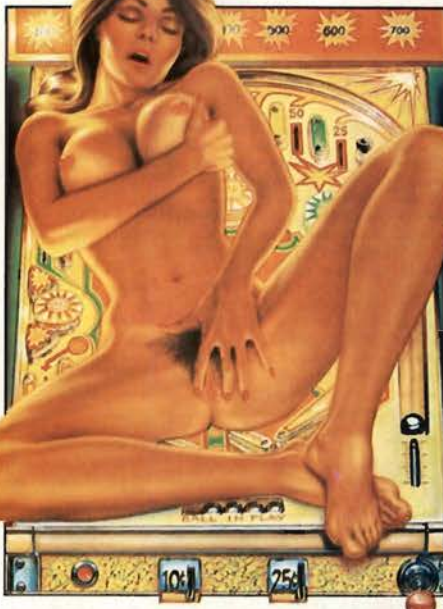
Model Mania: Your September photo-feature *Erin: Beaver Hunt Winner* (bottom photo) was a real cock-raiser. *Beaver Hunt* is one of my favorite sections in HUSTLER, and to see one of these amateur entries "discovered" in a full photo-feature lends a tone of realism to the whole magazine. Keep up the good work and the talent search.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

I'm writing to ask you whatever happened to the photo-features of average-looking and even raunchy-looking ladies that helped HUSTLER climb to the top? Recently I've noticed that most of your models look almost exactly alike. Their hairstyles and skin color might vary, but otherwise they all resemble mannequins.

There are a hell of a lot of attractive women with chests that are a little flat or droopy. There are plenty of good-looking girls who are a little skinny or plump and who have teeth that are slightly crooked and noses that are a little too large. But these are the beautiful women one meets in real life. They are real people—not immaculately made-up stereotypes—and they are very erotic.

Otherwise I think your articles are great, your disgustingly sick humor is



terrific, and your punches to the tobacco industry are knockouts.

—Roger Hanson
Palo Alto, California

I'd like to thank Suze Randall for her excellent photography of the two women in the *Moving Experience* photo-feature, which appeared in your August issue. Seeing two beautiful females getting it on like that really gets me going.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

Flynt Statements: I totally agree with Larry Flynt in his September *Publisher's Statement*, "Kiddie Porn." I support his decision not to use underage models for HUSTLER photo-features. Kids should not be photographed for adult magazines, because they are too young to fully understand what they are doing. I commend HUSTLER for having the guts to print what your readers want to see and the good sense to not use kids to accomplish that.

—M. T. H.
Kansas City, Missouri

In the August *Publisher's Statement*, "There's More Than Sex," Larry Flynt wrote that he has had a "deeply religious experience." However, I fail to see anything in HUSTLER to indicate such religious beliefs. Although the Bible is mentioned in your magazine, it is only as a part of your very unorthodox humor. You have no idea how much I want to condemn Larry Flynt and the entire staff of HUSTLER, but my heavenly Father tells me otherwise. I really pray for you.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

We find it hard to believe that God is against sex and satire.

I'm writing about Larry Flynt's July *Publisher's Statement*, "HUSTLER: Our Six Years," in which he mentions the magazine's continuing efforts to give its readers what they want. Printing what your readers want to see isn't always morally right or even good for them. When HUSTLER exercises its freedom of speech and of the press, doesn't it sometimes hurt other people?

For example, Polish people have a right not to be made fun of—like in the July *Bits & Pieces* item about two Polish Olympic teams. And in the same section the photo supposedly showing former Black Panther Bobby Seale roasting a policeman as though he were a pig might provoke racial hatred and even violence. Finally, if a person gives up the privacy of his or her own body by posing nude for HUSTLER, do we necessarily

have the moral right to take advantage of that by looking at the photos?

—Dan Quilty
Rochester, New York

We're thankful we don't share your anxiety-ridden and convoluted moral rationalizations. Your view of what is potentially dangerous and immoral is so narrow that we wonder how you manage to function in the real world.

Racist or Realist? I read your profile *William Shockley: Racist or Realist?* (August) with considerable interest. I especially appreciated its explanation of the pro-racist viewpoint. Frequently the public does not get all the information it might concerning such controversial issues. I thank HUSTLER for having the guts to cover unpopular subjects in its articles.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Your profile of William Shockley (August) was the least-emotional article I have read about him, and I was impressed by its objectivity and balance. I have been a proponent of eugenics (the science of improving offspring) for a long time. However, I differ with Shockley on several points—namely his emphasis on intelligence and his desire to involve the government in eugenics.

I really don't think the genetic make-up of future generations should be entrusted to the same people who can't even adequately deliver our mail. Also, there are many positive human traits other than intelligence, like resistance to certain diseases, that I feel we should try to encourage through eugenics.

As you stated in the profile, Shockley's views can neither be proved nor disproved without further research. Personally, I would like to see a fund started, without government intervention, to finance pure and applied research in human genetics.

—Anthony Breaux
Litchfield Park, Arizona

William Shockley's brand of genocide is appalling. I extend my sympathies to the man, because it is a tragedy that such a brilliant scientist has such a narrow view of mankind. He is more dangerous than a religious fanatic.

—Robin Silverman
Marina del Rey, California

Hal Lipset: The subject of your profile *Hal Lipset: High-Tech Detective* (September) made the comment that we've enlarged the government's power to invade privacy while restricting the right of individuals—like himself—to obtain information. Between the credit

bureaus and the U.S. government, our privacy is invaded every day of our lives.

It's lunacy to think we should expand the "right" of individuals to invade the privacy of others just because we have been foolish enough to allow the government to do it. Lipset is obviously a respected and responsible person with some sense of ethics. But what's to stop others from abusing this power? And who draws the line?

In your profile Lipset said, "What this country needs is not fewer bugs, but more of them," referring to the Watergate tapes and the fact that they were ultimately Nixon's undoing. I think it's a sad comment about American politicians that we need to electronically bug them in order to keep them honest. But, worse, it sounds like Big Brother tactics, and we're less than four years away from 1984.

—G. V.
Oakland, California

Illegal Aliens: Gayle Miller's *Feedback* letter in your August issue said that illegal aliens aren't stealing jobs from American workers. I'm a clean-cut 19-year-old male who's soon to be a father. I was laid off my job and am having trouble finding another one. I'd be more than happy to get even a low-paying job. There are plenty of American men like me, some already with families, who can't find work. We don't need to compete with illegal aliens for jobs.

—Mike McAfee
Cabot, Arkansas

Humor Hoopla: I'm really pissed-off about the way you shitheads ripped apart HUSTLER's former Humor & Cartoon Editor Dwaine B. Tinsley in your September *Asshole of the Month*. I think his cartoons are gross and great. Who the hell are you to put down Tinsley and bring out all kinds of shit from his past, just because he's leaving HUSTLER? What's wrong with shit cartoons anyway? I used to look up to your magazine, but now I think you're full of shit.

—Spencer Berman
Tarzana, California

Why is it that you didn't take exception to Tinsley's put-downs of every race, nationality, religion and sexual preference during his reign here as cartoon king, while you object to our good-natured ribbing of him in the Asshole feature? We think turnabout is fair play.

Having read HUSTLER's *Feedback* for many years, I can only conclude that you don't give a damn about what your readers are saying in this column. I've seen numerous letters complaining



FIRST ANNUAL
RICHARD PRYOR MARATHON



about the sick jokes and cartoons depicting and making fun of the injured, handicapped and mentally ill. It must be nice to sell so many magazines that you can ignore your readers' complaints. I realize that you can't please everyone, but I think you have an obligation to listen to what your own *Feedback* letters are saying.

—D. D.
Syracuse, New York

If we were ignoring our readers, as you assert, how is it that we continue selling so many copies of HUSTLER?

HUSTLER has published a number of cartoons depicting people with leprosy, or "lepers" as you call them. Most have been based on the idea that leprosy victims have parts of their bodies falling off, which is not the case. Leprosy can be cured, particularly if treatment begins in the early stages.

Far worse than promoting this misinformation, however, is the social stigma propagated by these cartoons. This is the greatest obstacle faced by those of us who are working to prevent and treat leprosy. It drives people to conceal the disease and thus works against early treatment. It seems to me that publishing these cartoons is contrary to HUSTLER's repeated declarations of wishing to help the underdog and your

decrying of injustice. I can only plead that you cease and desist.

—Olaf K. Skinsnes, M.D., Ph.D.
Honolulu, Hawaii

It is not our intention to promote the social stigma surrounding leprosy. Anyone who wishes further information about this disease can contact American Leprosy Missions, 1262 Broad Street, Bloomfield, New Jersey 07003 or the Leonard Wood Memorial for the Eradication of Leprosy, 5400 Pooks Hill Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20014.

My objections to HUSTLER do not pertain to the editorial or photographic content of the magazine—just the cartoons. The most disgusting, nauseating cartoon I have ever seen was in your February issue. It depicted two skid-row bums cooking an aborted fetus that they had found in a hospital trash bin.

Perhaps your objective was to graphically point out a national problem—that of newly born or aborted infants being thrown away like so much garbage. If so, you have succeeded. However, I feel that this cartoon is a gross exploitation of a serious matter. It certainly lends a cheap and sickening tone to what is otherwise an interesting magazine. Cartoons like this cater to sadistic and twisted minds.

—Joseph Witt
Seattle, Washington

I am tired of reading so many ridiculous comments about HUSTLER's gross humor. I enjoy your cartoons, and I respect you for publishing them. In no other magazine have I found such open-minded humor. If certain puritans are going to have a nervous breakdown over your cartoons, they should stick to reading *National Geographic* and let me read my HUSTLER in peace. Now that I have that off my chest, I think I'll go make a fetus on rye.

—John F. McDowell
Waco, Texas

Public Service: After reading your August public-service ad about feminist Susan Brownmiller's campaign against sexually explicit magazines, I got so mad at her, my blood boiled. I am a 21-year-old woman, and I really look forward to reading HUSTLER each month. Brownmiller is so pitifully ugly that she's probably just jealous of beautiful women.

—Theresa Warren
Topeka, Kansas

I am an instructor in respiratory therapy, and I think your antismoking public-service ads are terrific. I show the John Wayne ad often to the people I counsel.

—Edward J. Brzezinski
Amherst, Massachusetts

Brute Strength: I think your magazine is disgusting, and I suppose that's why I'm a faithful reader. I never really had any problems with HUSTLER until I bought your Anniversary Issue (July) with the life-size centerfold. You dumb shits told your readers to "Grasp the entire 16-page section and yank straight out"! But when I followed your instructions, about ten other pages were torn up in the process.

HUSTLER, you owe me one.

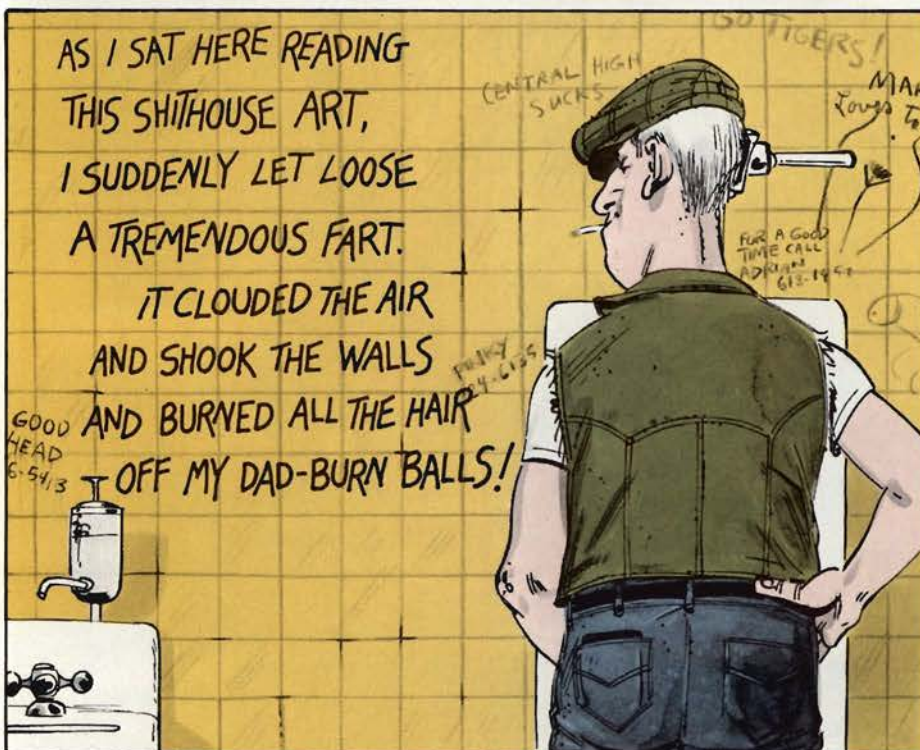
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Nuke Rebuke: I'm writing to tell you why I'm not renewing my subscription to HUSTLER. I'm fed up with your negative approach to nuclear-generated electricity and other scientific subjects. Your adroit use of qualifiers in these sensational articles signals that you know their slant is false. So go chase the buck somewhere else; I'm not buying your magazine or your philosophy. Anyone who reads HUSTLER deserves to have the shit scared out of him by your clever lies.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We print the facts in all of our articles. Nuclear energy happens to be a sensational subject, but we feel that our readers should have access to more than party-line information put out by power-company interests.

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO J.B., FROM CHICAGO

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

"Caligula," a \$17-million X-rated film produced by "Penthouse" magazine publisher Bob Guccione, was pulled from a movie house in Boston, Massachusetts, on an obscenity charge. Police seized a print of the movie, which portrays the sexual extravagances of ancient Rome, at Boston's Saxon Theatre. Later, however, a Boston Municipal Court Judge, Harry Elam, ruled that the movie was not obscene. He said that "the commonwealth failed to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the film . . . lacks serious political value." According to the judge, the film's depiction of sexual abuse during the reign of the ruler Caligula shows that "absolute power corrupts absolutely."

Chuck Barris may not be too pleased, but San Francisco television producers Marty Chavkin and Mark Seidenberg have started "The Gay Dating Game," which was first aired over Bay Area cable TV in June. A takeoff on the Barris-produced heterosexual "The Dating Game," the gay version features two males arranging a date after a suggestive question-and-answer session. Not to leave anybody out, a lesbian version of the program is in the works.

Renowned British disco singer Amanda Lear has won a \$2,000 settlement in a slander suit against the French magazine "Transsexuals." The Paris-based publication printed a story alleging that Lear was actually a man (because of the singer's deep, masculine vocal style). The singer had little difficulty refuting the allegation. She was pregnant during the trial.

Recent newspaper reports have revealed that in the 1960s the Royal Canadian Mounted Police developed a machine designed to detect homosexuals in the ranks of Canada's civil service. Known as the Fruit Machine, the device was intended to show how the pupil of the human eye changes size as a person views pictures of nude men and women. Supposedly, when a person sees a photo that he considers erotic, his pupils dilate. The machine was soon discarded, though, when it was learned that not only the photo images themselves, but also the light from the projector causes the pupil to change size, making the results inconclusive.

Singer Anita Bryant, famous for her crusade in defense of the American family, plans to divorce her husband, Bob Green. Bryant said that her husband and certain of the couple's associates have tried to control her and use her name and reputation to build Green's own personal career. In response, Green professed love for Bryant and prayed for her return.

A man from Wilmington, California, has been charged with distributing obscene material to minors after posting sexually explicit pictures of his estranged second wife on about 150 telephone poles. The posters, put up by Jerry Lee Watson to embarrass the woman, were taken down by children, who showed them to their parents. Deputy City Attorney Tim Hogan acted on complaints from the youngsters' parents by filing charges against Watson. The poster also contained the phone number of Watson's ex-wife and prices for her sexual services, as though she were actually a prostitute. Watson, who faces a possible six-month jail sentence, was released from prison in 1979 after serving a term for murdering his first wife.

According to news reports, a volunteer health organization called Community-Based Emergency Relief Services (CBERS) has administered the allegedly dangerous birth-control drug Depo-Provera to thousands of Cambodian women at refugee camps in Thailand. The drug is given by injection and prevents women from becoming pregnant for three months following its use. Depo-Provera was banned in the U.S. by the Food and Drug Administration because of its hazardous side effects, such as sterility, cancer, blood clots and liver disorders. CBERS officials claimed they informed the Cambodians of the risks and offered alternative birth-control methods. But women questioned at the camps by members of the International Red Cross said they received the injections but knew nothing of the potential side effects. Many of the women were reportedly offered a free chicken in exchange for taking the medication. 🐔

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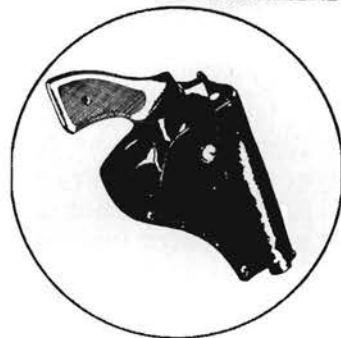
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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Roman Rings: My wife says she's going to get me a Roman cock-ring to stop me from fooling around with other women. I always thought that the purpose of a cock-ring is to keep the penis hard for a longer period of time. How could a Roman cock-ring prevent me from having sex?

—S. W.
Oakland, California

The type of cock-ring sold commercially today is not the same as the Roman version to which your wife is referring. Modern cock-rings are placed around the base of the penis to help keep blood pressure up during erection. However, the type of ring your wife has threatened to get you was used by the ancient Romans to control the sexual activity of slaves and criminals.

Roman cock-rings made erections painful and intercourse virtually impossible. Through a semi-surgical process called infundibulation, the foreskin was pulled up to cover the head of the penis. It was secured there by a large ring placed through little holes made in the edges of the foreskin. The ring looked like a big hoop-earring pierced through the tip of the cock.

This procedure is not a part of accepted medical practice today. More than likely, your wife was just trying to make a point about your fooling around.

Masturbation: I'm an 18-year-old woman who's afraid of becoming addicted to masturbation. I'm not the "HUSTLER Honey" type, and I haven't attracted many men yet. But I have a strong sex drive and can't keep myself from masturbating to orgasm before I go to sleep. I'm worried that I'm hooked now and won't ever be able to stop. What should I do?

—G. T.
Medford, Massachusetts

Stop worrying and enjoy it. Masturbation can't do you any harm. Your body evidently needs the sexual release it provides, and denying yourself this outlet might actually be harmful. Also, masturbation is likely to increase your sexual awareness and responsiveness when you are with a partner. Ultimately it can help you become more comfortable with your sexual self. (See *Masturbation: Exposing the Myths*, HUSTLER, January.)

Your only problem is that you are being victimized by old, worn-out notions about masturbation. Follow your inclinations, and don't feel guilty.

Male Birth Control: I am a 30-year-old male who is seriously considering having a vasectomy. Too many women with whom I've had sex have not taken the necessary precautions against pregnancy, and I'm tired of helping to pay for and arrange abortions. But before I go through with the operation, I'd like to know if there are any new or better forms of male birth control. I'm pretty sure I don't want to have children, but what are my alternatives if I change my mind after having a vasectomy?

—H. K.
Cleveland, Ohio

A vasectomy is the most effective form of male birth control. The technique for reversing the procedure has become more refined during the last couple of years, and the chances for reversal are very good. (See "Cut and Dry" in May's *Advise & Consent* for more information on vasectomies.) However, most doctors will not recommend a vasectomy if you seriously think you might change your mind about having children.

You may want to ask your doctor about a

new valve-technique surgical procedure that accomplishes what a vasectomy does, but that is specifically designed to be reversed. The surgeon inserts a valvelike clamp (made of silicon, plastic or gold), which blocks the sperm from being carried through the sperm duct, or vas deferens. The valve can be turned on and off like a faucet by your doctor. The data supporting the effectiveness of this new technique is still inconclusive, however, and inflammation sometimes occurs afterward.

If you decide to go ahead with a vasectomy, you may want to consider storing some of your semen in a sperm bank prior to surgery. This procedure is relatively new, and doctors are not sure exactly how many years sperm can be kept frozen and still fertilize an egg after being thawed. But it does provide an additional bit of "insurance" should you decide to have children.

In the meantime, carry condoms with you if you don't think your women are practicing effective birth control.

Cum for Breasts: I am a 25-year-old housewife with small breasts. My husband says that swallowing his cum will make them larger. Is this true?

—S. O.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Swallowing a man's cum will not increase the size of your breasts. Although semen does



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contain protein and calories, ingesting it is not likely to cause a weight-gain in your breasts or anywhere else.

Men like to tell women that a lot of great things will happen if they swallow cum. However, the biggest advantage for women is making their sex partners and themselves happy. Whether you want to swallow your husband's cum or his story is up to you.

Morning-After Pill: A woman I know was raped a few months ago, and she was given something called a "morning-after" pill. Why isn't this available to the general public? I know my girlfriend would rather take a pill only on mornings after having had sex instead of taking the traditional birth-control pill.

—J. M.
New York, New York

The "morning-after" pill is really a series of pills taken for several days after intercourse. They contain high dosages of the female hormone estrogen, or synthetic estrogen drugs like diethylstilbestrol or ethinyl estradiol. Sometimes these pills cause nausea, vomiting and severe water retention. High doses of these drugs may also cause genital abnormalities or cancer in the fetus if the "morning-after" treatment is unsuccessful.

Due to these side effects, this method of "after-the-fact" birth control is used only in emergency situations such as rape. Until researchers can come up with a safer drug, "morning-after" pills will not be available to the general public.

Turned-on Stew: I am a 21-year-old airline stewardess. My problem is that I am always sexually aroused when I fly. The minute I'm back on the ground, the problem disappears. This may seem silly to you, but it's driving me crazy.

—N. W.
Washington, D.C.

Many people feel sexually aroused when flying, and it is largely caused by physical factors. When flying, the supply of oxygen to the brain is decreased due to the pressure change in the passenger cabin. A decrease in oxygen makes people feel lightheaded, and sometimes sexually aroused.

In fact, the practice of reducing the oxygen supply is occasionally used to heighten sex on the ground. Although it is very hazardous, some people have their partners squeeze their throats in simulated strangulation to increase orgasmic sensations. There are also those who use ropes or scarves to cut off oxygen and thereby increase sensation in their genital area. Since people have died in the excitement of intercourse and orgasm by actually being strangled, this is a dangerous sexual technique.

The arousal you are experiencing on the job is not harmful to you physically. Perhaps

understanding what causes it will help you to relax and enjoy the sensation.

Vibrator Baby: My wife and I have been married for two years, and we frequently use a vibrator while making love. Now we have decided to start a family. Could the use of a vibrator affect our chances for conception? If conception occurs, would using a vibrator increase my wife's chances of miscarriage or affect the healthy development of the baby?

—S. J. P.
Omaha, Nebraska

Doctors have concluded that vibrators, when properly operated, are not harmful to the user. But no conclusive research has been conducted on the effect of vibrators on conception or fetal development. Also, most doctors advise against intercourse at a certain point during pregnancy. This pertains to the full penetration of a vibrator as well as of a penis.

To be on the safe side, use the vibrator only on your wife's external genitalia and not inside the vagina. This method will prevent the vibrator from coming into contact with your sperm and will also not disturb the fetal sac should your wife become pregnant. Be sure to check with your wife's gynecologist, who knows her medical history and thus will be able to give you more specific advice.

PID: I'm a 19-year-old woman with pelvic inflammatory disease (PID). I am under a doctor's care, but I did lie to him a little. I told him I had just recently become sexually active, but actually, I first had sex when I was 13. Should I tell him the truth? Also, what can you tell me about PID? He said it could make me sterile.

—G. T.
Baltimore, Maryland

PID is the medical term for any extensive infection in the organs of the female pelvic area. The infection you have now is not likely to be related to the age at which you first had sex. Still, it is always best to tell your doctor the truth. If you are worried about confidentiality, you should discuss that issue with him; he is bound by oath not to release any information you give him. If you are afraid he would make value judgments about you, find a doctor you can trust and be truthful with.

The affliction is usually caused by letting a vaginal infection go for too long without treatment. Gonorrhea and use of an intra-uterine device (IUD) often play a role in the development of PID. If an infection has spread from your vagina into your fallopian tubes, it can cause the tubes to swell shut. This closure can be permanent and could result in sterility.

If women have regular examinations and do not let the symptoms of vaginal infection

go untreated, PID will rarely occur. Increased amounts of vaginal discharge and unusual vaginal odors are signals that you should go to a gynecologist. Be sure to follow your doctor's instructions, because untreated PID can result in peritonitis (inflammation of the tubes, ovaries and abdominal lining), which can be fatal. However, if you take the antibiotics your doctor is probably prescribing and you follow his instructions, the infection should clear up within a month.

Emergency: I am an 18-year-old girl with a problem. I have lumps under my skin between my pelvis and genital area. I was wondering if you might know what they are. Also, I have been menstruating for 26 days straight. Do you know what might be wrong? —L. F. Stockton, California

The lumps you describe could be anything from swollen glands to cancerous growths, and only an examination by a physician can determine specifically what they are. Continued or excessive menstrual-blood loss can, by itself, lead to infections and anemia (a severe reduction in the number of red blood cells). A number of things, such as a misplaced IUD, can cause prolonged menstruation.

The important thing is to go to a gynecologist immediately. Too many people postpone going to the doctor because they are afraid to find out what is the matter, assuming the worst. By ignoring symptoms and avoiding proper medical attention, the worst can (and frequently does) happen.

Wart Worry: I read your answer to the letter about venereal warts in July's *Advise & Consent*. My boyfriend has a lot of warts on his fingers. I'm afraid they'll spread to my vagina when he touches me. I get this creepy sensation about it, and it's ruining our sex life. He says they won't spread if they haven't by now. Will they? —D. K.

Altus, Oklahoma

Venereal warts are caused by a different virus than the one that causes warts on other parts of the body, such as the fingers. The warts on your boyfriend's fingers will not cause venereal warts.

However, susceptibility to all types of warts is generally considered by doctors to be an inherited trait. And since your boyfriend has warts on his fingers, he could be highly susceptible to venereal warts. Check underneath his foreskin to see if he has them. Venereal warts can be passed on to you during intercourse, even if you've never had a wart and are less susceptible to them. Of course, if he doesn't have venereal warts, you have nothing to worry about. If the warts continue to bother you, ask him to go to a doctor and have them removed. 🍆



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

NOVEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW



TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!—If you've been afraid to say these words to your boss, Bernard Lefkowitz's report may give you the guts to do so. Thousands of American workers are finding out that free time is better than the frustrations of work and are readily adapting to a new lifestyle.

THE CHURCH & DEMONIC POSSESSION—Does Satan actually enter the bodies of innocent Christians, or is he merely the fall guy for centuries of sexual repression? History shows that religious beliefs preached by the clergy could be the primary cause of "possessed" behavior. Jim Dawson and Zbigniew Kindela establish the link between the Church's mind games and demonic possessions.

ASSASSINATIONS—The last 20 years have shown an alarming increase in attempts on the lives of our country's political leaders. That's why the Secret Service is working to make sure that Presidential candidates are well-protected. Wayne Michaels gets an inside glimpse of the new Secret Service, in which every steely-eyed agent knows that the next assassination is only one fuck-up away.

JOE ANCIS: THE MAN BEHIND LENNY BRUCE?—Every great funnyman is at least a little bit neurotic, but Joe Ancis is a certified basket case. Many comedians insist that Ancis's brand of corrosive, paranoid humor was the catalyst for the late Lenny Bruce and his hip, irreverent approach to comedy.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Matt Didion, a middle-aged lawyer on business in Las Vegas, is searching for his dream girl. There he meets Tia, a temptress who he believes is the woman he's been waiting for. But as surprise follows surprise, Didion discovers he got more than he bargained for. Torrid fiction by Roberta Metz.

PLUS—Luscious ladies who'd make even a Pilgrim shoot his wad, the loony humor of **ODDS & ENDS**, sexual swap meets in **CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS**, and information both bizarre and useful in **NEWS REAL**, **CLOSE-UP** and **SEX LIFE**.

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Bits & Pieces

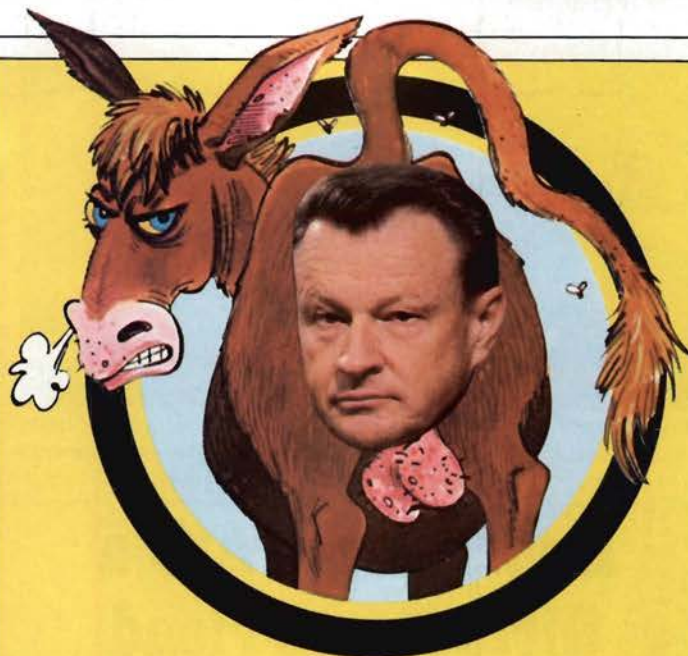
This isn't the *HUSTLER* Humor page, but this month we've got a Polish joke. How many Polacks does it take to screw up a nation? Only one—Zbigniew Brzezinski, our November Asshole of the Month.

Of course, Brzezinski himself is this country's greatest Polish joke. He is the man about whom a former Jimmy Carter speechwriter once said, "No one has ever used the words *wise* or *reflective* in connection with his name." And like any good asshole, Brzezinski spends most of his time proving his detractors right.

What kind of advice is he giving the President? America is losing influence in the world like an old punch-drunk prize-fighter who can no longer go the distance. Brzezinski has had us ducking blows while the Soviets are punching away. Iran, once a close ally and a source of oil, is lost to us. Soviet troops are literally lined up along the Russian-Iranian border, ready to march into this oil-rich part of the world. That's a direct threat to our national security. How long could we last if the Russians controlled the Middle East oilfields?

To make the situation even more threatening, the Soviet army has taken over Afghanistan, giving the Russians a second flank along the Iranian border. Brzezinski once remarked about the invasion of Afghanistan, "We would not be true to our historical obligation if we did not react very firmly." Yet, acting on Brzezinski's advice, all the administration has done is cut back wheat sales to the Soviet Union and boycott the Olympics, as though that would force the Russians out. It is Brzezinski's job to inform the President on how to handle the world situation, but his words to Carter are apparently sweet nothings.

How did a man whose name sounds like a sneeze become national-security adviser? Like many of the politically ambi-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Zbigniew Brzezinski

tious weasels who have graced this page, he had connections in high places. Brzezinski was handpicked for a White House post by David Rockefeller—head of Chase Manhattan Bank, spokesman for many multinational corporate interests and one of the most powerful men in America. Acting as matchmaker, Rockefeller brought Brzezinski and Carter together back in 1973 by appointing them to an organization he founded called the Trilateral Commission. The commission was created to protect the interests of big corporations like Coca-Cola, Bank of America, Exxon, Shell, Bank of Tokyo, Sony and Toyota—all of which are represented

on the Trilateral Commission.

Carter later hired the Warsaw Wonder to write all his campaign speeches dealing with foreign policy and, after ascending to the Presidency in 1977, appointed him national-security adviser. As a former director of the Trilateral Commission who stepped down only to take public office, whose interests will Brzezinski protect? Does he owe allegiance to Rockefeller and the corporate bigwigs who sponsored his rise?

He once asserted that no matter how much we resist, the U.S. government will eventually be "called upon to negotiate, to guarantee and to... protect the various arrangements that have been contrived

even by private business." In other words, he is saying the U.S. might have to go to war to protect some fat-cat business deal. With his present powers, he could bring that about.

But the worst and most direct abuse of the powers given him has to be the use of Billy Carter during the early stages of the Iranian crisis. Since 1978, Billy Carter has been developing a relationship with the Libyan government, including acting as its intermediary with American business interests. Up until July of this year Brzezinski and the President insisted that Billy Carter's dealings with Libyan officials were his own personal affair and entirely separate from the White House and State Department.

Then, in July, the White House disclosed that in November 1979 Brzezinski called upon the President's brother to help obtain the release of the hostages in Iran. Although he was not at the time legally registered as a foreign agent for Libya, Billy was still asked by Brzezinski to set up a meeting between Brzezinski and a Libyan official. His intention was to convince Libya to use its influence to encourage the Iranians to release the hostages.

What sort of maniac would set a public-pissing clown like Billy Carter loose in delicate international affairs? Billy did arrange a meeting, and five days later the Libyans burned the U.S. Embassy. With that kind of response to Brzezinski's diplomacy, it's a wonder the hostages made it to the end of the year.

His poor choice of diplomatic channels, short-sightedness in national-security matters and what a *Los Angeles Times* editorial aptly called "incredible ineptitude" remind us of a statement by Jimmy Carter's campaign manager, Hamilton Jordan. Before Carter took office, Jordan said, "If, after the inauguration, you find... Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of national security, then I would say we failed." Talk about understatements.

Card Shark



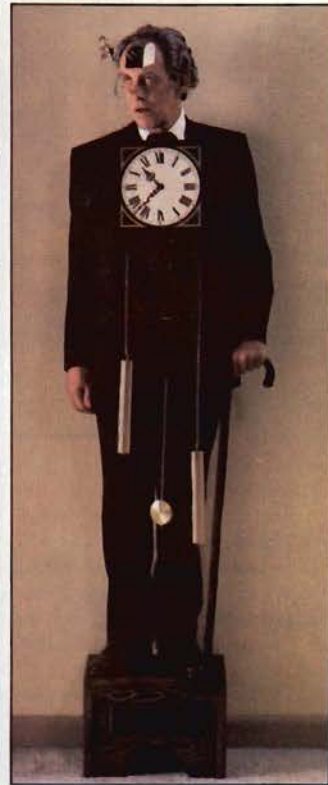
We've seen some tough poker games in our time, but this one's a killer! These poor guys

didn't realize they were getting themselves into deep water when they let the toothy fella

into the game. He must be quite a player too—look how they all threw their hands in.

Grandfather Clock

An old person is a terrible thing to waste. So HUSTLER suggests you put time on your side and turn Grandpa into a clock. Instead of whiling his hours away in a chair by a window, your loved one can feel useful again as a necessary household appliance. Do Gramps a favor. Don't put him on the shelf... put him on a pedestal.



Impressions Are a Girl's Best Friend

Looking like Marilyn Monroe has kept Paula Lane busy both on the nightclub circuit and on TV, where she's been seen on specials with Bob Hope and other celebrities. Paula also appeared in a HUSTLER photo that accompanied our July article *The Mysterious Death of Marilyn Monroe*. Now, with the release of her first album, *Music to Make Love By*, she's expanding her career to include sounding like Monroe. The record is a collection of romantic favorites sung in the soft, sultry whisper that was the Monroe vocal trademark.

The album is available for \$7.95 plus \$1.50 postage from Paula Lane (P.O. Box 8051, Van Nuys, California 91409).



Blind Dates

Working as hard as we do, the male members of the editorial staff at HUSTLER don't often have time to go out and socialize. This results in an unfortunate lack of female companionship. We asked the gang over at our sister publication CHIC (who always seem to have a lot of time on their hands) what we should do about this problem. They suggested we find some blind dates.

Well, we went out looking, and it wasn't long before we found these two. One thing we discovered was that blind dates never turn out to be as good as you hope. They all have sweaty palms.



Prison Art Contest Winners



FIRST PLACE—Glen R. Holscher, Minnesota Correctional Facility, Lino Lakes.

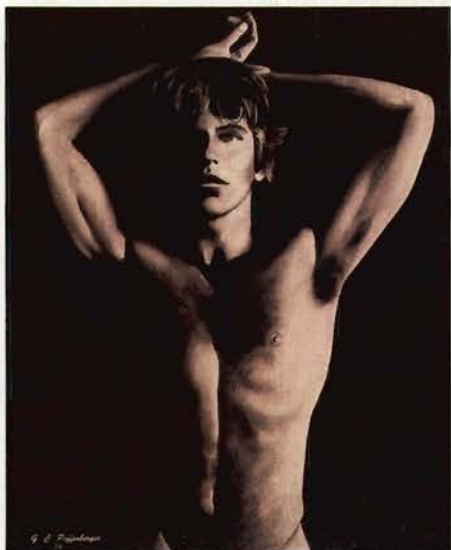
The verdict is in. These submissions were judged by a panel of HUSTLER editors and art directors to be the winners of this year's Prison Art Contest. The abundance of entries we received is proof that there's a lot of untapped creativity behind those walls. And we want to thank everyone who entered but didn't win this time around. Like the parole board says, better luck next year.

A special thanks to the inmate who sent us the hacksaw in the oil painting. We've cut our way down to the 22nd floor and should be at ground level by '82.

The first-place winner will be awarded \$150 plus a free one-year subscription to HUSTLER. The second-place and third-place winners will receive a year's free subscription, and the two honorable mentions will each be mailed a copy of this issue for their cell walls.



SECOND PLACE—Albert Lozano, Fishkill Correctional Facility, Beacon, New York.



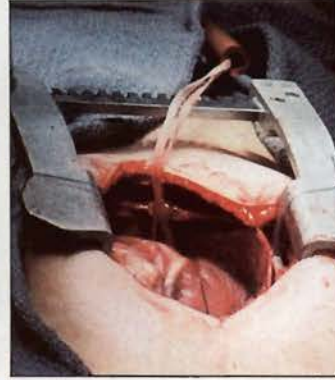
THIRD PLACE—Gail Poffenberger, Minnesota Correctional Facility, Stillwater.



HONORABLE MENTION—Kolai Faumui, California State Reception Center, Chino.



HONORABLE MENTION—Pat Wayne, Arizona State Prison, Florence.



Faces of Death

These are some grisly scenes from a Japanese movie entitled *Faces of Death*, which explores man's fear of dying with what the filmmakers claim is actual footage of the most horrible deaths ever recorded on celluloid.

Some of the "highlights" are depicted above: a young woman who jumped 25 feet to her death; the decapitation of a Middle Easterner; a woman, supposedly from a San Francisco flesh-eating cult, being rubbed with blood; a murder victim with her throat slit; a man moments after his electrocution; and a Buddhist monk setting himself on fire. Also shown are open-heart surgery

and a restaurant in India where diners eat the brains of a live monkey.

Although some of these scenes appear to have been staged, others are shocking news footage with the gore uncensored. The promoters themselves are willing to acknowledge the violence of the film, but "only as death is inherently violent."

An interesting sidenote is

that the people who sent us the slides had no difficulty getting the gory pictures through the mails, but they requested that we send them a copy of HUSTLER with nothing on the envelope identifying the contents. They said, "If you put an issue in your envelope marked HUSTLER, it'll be impossible to clear customs." Perhaps the Japanese authorities prefer a lot of red to a little pink.

What Kind of Men Do Playgirl Readers Prefer?



It looks like long, droopy ears have replaced other long, drooping things at the top of the list of what *Playgirl* readers like in their men. After an enormous amount of hype—including a full-page *Los Angeles Times* ad—*Playgirl* (3420 Ocean Park Bou-

levard, Suite 3000, Santa Monica, California 90405) revealed its August "Special Mystery Celebrity Centerfold." It was Benji, the famous dog.

Oddly enough, *Playgirl* was being sued at the same time by a construction worker for not

using his pictures in the magazine. It seems that photos of Steve Kierstead (below), taken during what he allegedly was told would be a shooting session for *Playgirl*, turned up in a gay magazine called *In Touch for Men* (1316 North

Western Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027). Does Benji's appearance mean that former *Playgirl* sex symbols such as Jim Brown will be bumped for the likes of Boomer? Do girls really like having their leg humped?



Miss Nude World



Here's a reader-submitted photo of the winners in this year's Miss Nude World contest—held June 28 in, appropriately enough, Naked City, Indiana. From left to right the girls are second runner-up Miss France, first runner-up Miss Mexico and 1980's Miss Nude World herself, Miss Italy. Wonder how they'd look in wet T-shirts?

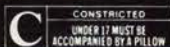
Ads We'd Like to See

They're not human.
But they're out for your ass.
Not to fuck.
To torment.



HEMORRHOIDS FROM THE DEEP

Starring DOUG MANURE ANN TURDEL DAVID HEMMIES
Screenplay by JAMES CARTER Story by GAY RECTALESE and GISCARD d'ISTEND



Production Company—Preparation H

HUSTLER Wants Your Vote!



5th Annual Erotic-Film Poll

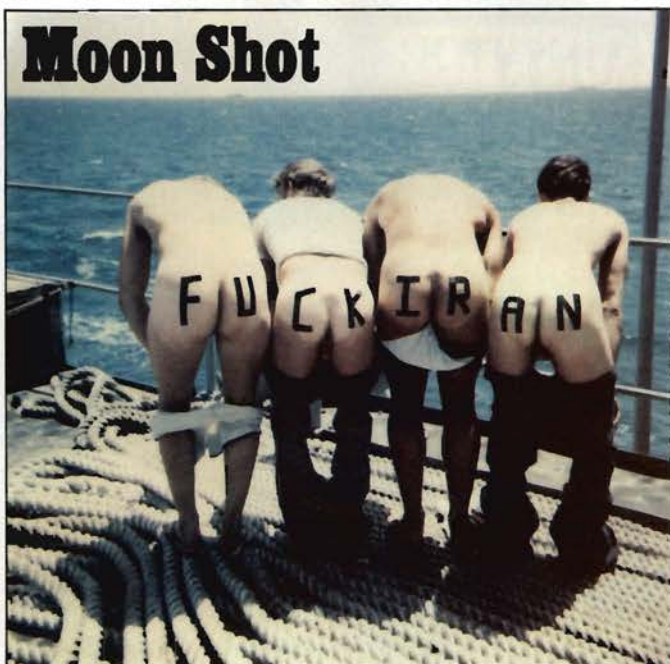
It's time again to let the people who make erotic films know what you like best. Vote, and you have a choice; don't vote, and we get more junk like *Invasion of the Love Drones*. All you have to do is fill out the ballot below and send it to HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029

Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. The same person may appear as a nominee in more than one category. Ballots must be postmarked no later than December 15, 1980, and the results will appear in our April 1981 issue.

Categories:

- Best film: _____
- Best actress: _____
- In which film? _____
- Best actor: _____
- In which film? _____
- Best director: _____
- Of which film? _____
- Best sex scene: _____
- In which film? _____
- Most accomplished fellatio artist: _____
- In which film? _____
- Most accomplished cunnilinguist: _____
- In which film? _____

Moon Shot



If there were ever any doubts that the Navy is behind the U.S. efforts in Iran, this photo should dispel them. It was taken

by a sailor aboard the U.S.S. *Gridley*, which is on active duty in the Persian Gulf. These must be the Rear Admirals.

Still in Style

In our October 1976 issue we reviewed a new magazine called *Country Style*, which focused not only on country-and-western music, but on the C&W lifestyle and fans as well. Still going strong in its fifth year, *Country Style*

has grown into one of the best music magazines around. From the rebel flag that adorns its cover to the Elvis-memorabilia ads inside, this 48-page newsprint publication is 100% Country and proud of it. Reader-service sections like "Country Calendar" (a listing of upcoming C&W performances by major



acts) and "Country Places" (articles on C&W hangouts across the U.S.) keep it above the run-of-the-mill mags glutted with Nashville public-relations hype. The newsstand price is \$1.25. For more information write *Country Style* (11058 West Addison, Franklin Park, Illinois 60131).



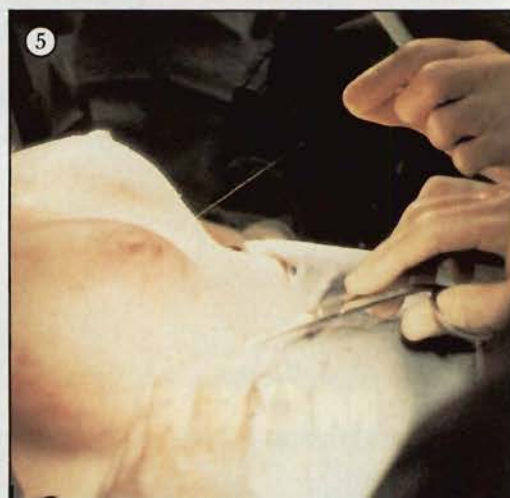
Changing a Flat

These are actual photos of an augmentation mammoplasty, better known as a silicone breast enlargement. This operation was shot by a Florida photographer who claims that a boob-job in Miami takes about 30 to 45 minutes and costs approximately \$2,000.

Figure 1 shows the initial incision being made. It's done well below the nipple so that the fold of the new breast will hide the scar. Figure 2 is the stretching of the flesh, so as to enlarge the space behind the mammary gland. This is done to accommodate the silicone gel pouch, which is shown being put into the breast in Figure 3.

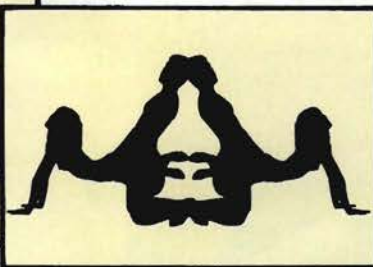
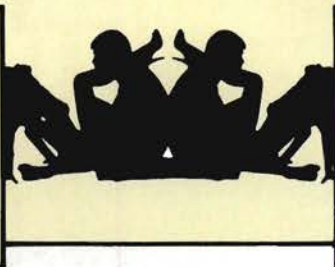
Position of the implanted pouch is important, and Figure 4 shows the doctor using his finger to set it into its proper place. Figure 5 is the stitching-up after what appears to have been a successful operation.

As we mentioned in our December 1979 *Advise & Consent* column, operations of this type involve some risk; so women should



consult their physician before rushing into the operating room. There are some postoperative pluses though. According to the photographer, this patient was advised to "keep the breast well-massaged." That's the kind of therapy *we* believe in.

HUSTLER's Original Inkblot Test



When a psychologist asks you to look at an inkblot test and tell him what you see, he's expecting your answer to reveal some hidden aspect of your per-

sonality. But if you say you see something sexual, he goes "Hmmm," and you feel like a pervert. HUSTLER finds nothing wrong with seeing things in

an erotic perspective; so we've designed our own inkblots to eliminate guilt feelings. If you can find a butterfly in these blots . . . you're crazy!



We're in the Movies

This scene from the upcoming United Artists film *Motel Hell* shows that deejay-turned-actor Wolfman Jack has great taste in magazines. In the film Wolfman plays a reverend who catches a local cop enjoying our mag. After a tongue-in-cheek criticism of men's magazines, the Reverend Wolfman relieves the cop of his HUSTLER, only to put it in his briefcase for later examination. We're looking for an Oscar in the Best Performance by a Magazine category.

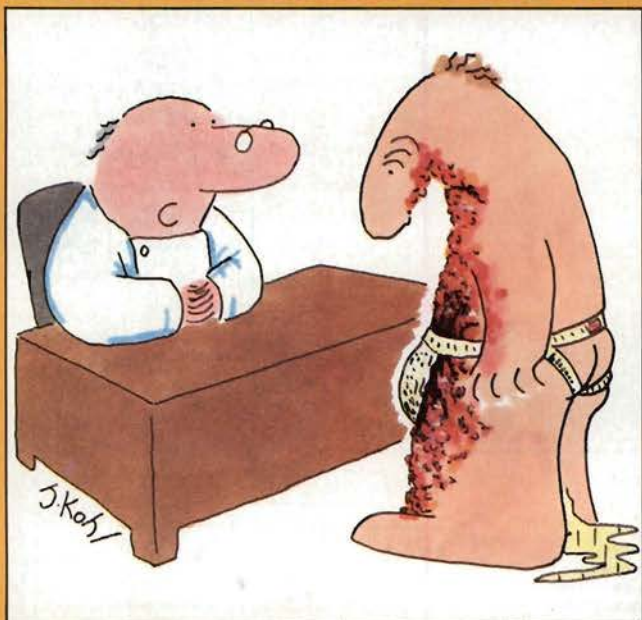


Handle With Care

If your dick could talk, we're sure it would tell you, "Don't yank so hard!" This poor little guy is a good example of what can happen to a cock during a severe stroke.

As a reader service, your friends at HUSTLER would like to remind you—easy does it.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You've got jock-rot . . . real bad."

HUSTLER Update

WILLIE CARTER SPANN
July '77



Jimmy Carter's nephew Willie has added yet another chapter to his criminal career by being arrested for use of amphetamines while on parole in California. Spann was placed in a Sonoma County jail on the basis of urine tests that showed the drugs to be in his system. His parole conditions specifically prohibit the taking of drugs. The self-described "bad peanut" of the Carter family, Spann has previously been convicted of armed robbery and wife-beating.

REVEREND TED McILVENNA
April '79



In a May '80 HUSTLER Update we noted that the Reverend McIlvenna had produced explicit educational sex films to inform and prepare members of the United Methodist Church who were involved in sex-counseling. After briefly allowing the films to be shown, the church's governing body called a halt to their use. The church's Board of Discipleship agreed to continue the sex seminars, but ruled that sex movies were no longer to be possessed or shown by the church. McIlvenna, who describes himself as "the only Methodist minister sexologist," claimed that the board has "no jurisdiction over any Methodist minister." He says he intends to make the films available to the general public, and claims he has already distributed more than 8,000 copies to various institutions, "one of the largest customers being the federal government."

Contributors HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting items for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For November, \$150 and thanks to John R. Lawrence, Crazy Snipes and Richard Whittle.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?



He's a leader among men who recognizes the leader among magazines—HUSTLER. What better way to top off a hard day at the office than with our zany humor, searing exposés and uniquely candid photos of gorgeous girls? Cut out the coupon below and subscribe to HUSTLER—the leader's choice.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Jeffrey Ressler

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Pink Champagne

Perhaps the most beautifully photographed adult film of the year, *Pink Champagne* provides a fantastical view of Hollywood glamour in the 1930s. The story revolves around Horst Zagfield (Jon Steele), a Tinseltown mogul searching for a girl to star in his studio's latest flick.

Steele delivers a weak and unconvincing performance, but some interesting sex scenes make up for this shortcoming. In one sequence, for example, Zagfield indulges his voyeurism by watching his wife, April (Lisa DeLeeue), suck off their black chauffeur, Snowball (Rick Fonte). And during one particularly twisted episode Zagfield fucks a tap-dancer (Maria Tortuga) whose contortions make her a human pretzel.

Pink Champagne is certainly an ambitious film, but its strength lies more in its lush production values than in its acting or plot. The movie peaks erotically during a long sequence set in a fancy Hollywood whorehouse where clients get to fuck their favorite film-star look-alikes.

Zagfield watches as people made up to look like Mae West, Jean Harlow, Rudolph Valentino, Charlie Chaplin and Marlene Dietrich engage in sex.



Jon Steele and Maria Tortuga give a new twist to sex in 'Pink Champagne.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Then he selects the Mae West double for his own pleasure. "Don't bruise me, honey," Zagfield's little chickadee implores. "Purple ain't my color."

Besides depicting lusty moments in the movie mogul's life, *Pink Champagne* offers several exciting asides. In one part of the film April fucks the entire publicity department of her husband's studio. In another scene Zagfield's secretary (Lauri Pearl) is banged from behind by the black chauffeur. And on the set of a swash-buckling epic an actor (Ron Jeremy) portraying Zorro screws an actress and then uses his sword to carve a Z on her ample ass.

Unfortunately, the film ends on a sour note with a disappointing orgy scene. Nevertheless, *Pink Champagne's* impressive photography and "star"-studded sex will treat audiences to a view of Hollywood sin they'll never forget.

—Manny Neuhaus

Dracula Exotica



The erotic potential of a hard-core film about Dracula may not be immediately apparent. After all, there's a big difference between cocksucking and bloodsucking. But this ribald version of the Gothic horror story is a sure winner guaranteed to make horny audiences scream with ecstasy.

The picture opens in Transylvania, where—in a flashback—Count Dracula (Jamie Gillis) explains the origins of his fateful curse. We see that because of class differences the Count was forbidden to marry his pious peasant girlfriend, Surka (Samantha Fox). During a drunken rage he raped her, and as a result she committed suicide. When the Count prepared to take his own life, he uttered a curse that made him the leader of the undead for eternity.

Today Transylvania is part of Rumania—an Iron Curtain country—so Dracula decides to emigrate to the United States. Secret agents from both nations, however, suspect him of being a spy. An American intel-

ligence bureau assigns Sally Iancu, a 20th-century reincarnation of Surka, to keep a close watch on the Count. The legend of the vampire turns into a spy thriller with a heavy love angle as the reincarnated peasant girl and Dracula renew their ancient romance.

Dracula Exotica never misses a chance to dazzle, entertain and titillate the viewer. In one riotous scene a foreign spy (Bobby Astyr) plays sex games with Sally, who's posing as a whore. When she gets orders from her superiors to "waste" the spy, she devises a new game called "The Proctologist and the Nazi Virgin," in which she inspects his rectum with a loaded .45.

Comical, erotic and sometimes shocking, *Dracula Exotica* is well-photographed and skillfully edited. The script is extremely witty, and the supporting performances by Vanessa Del Rio and Marlene Wiloughby make the film a joy to watch. For these reasons *Dracula Exotica* rates our highest recommendation. —M. N.



'Dracula Exotica' stars Jamie Gillis as the bloodthirsty Count and Samantha Fox as his bloodstained lover.

Insatiable

In *Insatiable* has one incredibly appealing ingredient that makes it a must-see—its star, Marilyn Chambers. Chambers, of course, is the famous Ivory Snow model who

later made it big in such carnal classics as *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve* during the early 1970s. Despite her long absence from the X-rated screen, she looks as fresh and sexy as ever. And in *Insatiable* she gives the most inspired erotic performance of her il-

lustrious career. There won't be a dry lap in the house.

Chambers portrays Sandra Chase, a rich, horny fashion model who decides to produce a movie. Although Sandra's film never materializes, we do get to witness a cavalcade of her sexual exploits. One of these inter-

ludes is an absolutely first-rate lesbian scene with Chambers and Serena. The other well-known porn stars appearing in *Insatiable* include John Leslie and Jessie St. James.

The highlight of *Insatiable* occurs when Sandra conjures up a fantasy involving King Dong himself, John Holmes. At the start of this lush dream sequence Chambers's character imagines herself being violated by a score of her ex-lovers. Then the mighty Holmes appears. At one point during their lovemaking Chambers deepthroats his 14-inch dick! The entire episode is spectacularly torrid, with super-charged performances by two of the best-known names in adult films.

Although the sex is often exceptionally lusty and the technical aspects are fine, *Insatiable* is ultimately a dumb story. The plot is extremely slow-moving, and the dialogue is nothing short of insipid. But Marilyn Chambers's portrayal of a woman delirious with passion will turn on audiences everywhere. Her electric, sensuous characterization makes all other criticisms of the film seem petty by comparison.

—M. N.



Fresh-and-sexy Marilyn Chambers opens up for David Morris in 'Insatiable,' an exceptionally lusty film.



'Coed Fever' is a raunchy spoof of swinging sorority girls on campus.

Coed Fever

Coed Fever is a raunchy, hard-core satire about life on a college campus. If there really were students like the ones in this movie, universities would have to make sex an intramural sport.

Annette Haven portrays a strong-willed lesbian named Kimberly, who rules over a group of sorority sisters. Her father, W. R. Jackson (Frank Hollawell), is a wealthy pub-

lisher who decides to do a cover story about the girls for one of his magazines. In order to present a wholesome image of the sorority to the media, Kimberly forbids the coeds to see their regular boyfriends, the carefree slobs of the Uppa You fraternity. Predictably, the Uppa You boys strike back with a series of sophomoric pranks designed to sabotage Kimberly's grand plans.

The high point of the film occurs when Vanessa (Vanessa Del Rio) leads W. R.'s reporters

on a tour of the sorority house. As she intentionally leads them into an off-limits room that the frat boys have secretly decked out as an S&M torture chamber, she feigns innocence. Del Rio gives a magnificent performance that climaxes when she seduces the surprised newsmen.

Coed Fever's sorority-initiation sequence delivers some sensational lesbian action. As the scene opens, all the girls are gathered in a dark room. Then the new pledges are blindfolded, stripped and ordered to identify one another by touch. The grope in the dark gets continually hotter until Kimberly spoils the girls' fun by whipping Alice (Samantha Fox) for consorting with the Uppa You pranksters.

The movie's roster of stars reads like a "Who's Who in Porn": Juliet Anderson, John Leslie, Lisa Loring, Serena and Brooke West all appear in this rollicking spoof of higher education. Admittedly, the plot is often ridiculous. But because of its top-notch production values, its luscious female performers and its spirited put-down of straitlaced academia, Coed Fever earns a master's degree in erotica! —M. N.



Vanessa Del Rio indulges her kinky habit with Ron Jeremy and Michael Morrison in 'Coed Fever.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Bon Appetit
Education of the Baroness
Fantasy
For the Love of Pleasure
Her Name Was Lisa
Sensational Janine
Star Virgin
Talk Dirty to Me
The Budding of Brie

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk
Caligula
F (Dream Girl of F)
Frat House
Kate and the Indians
Ms. Magnificent
October Silk
Plato's—The Movie
Pro Ball Cheerleaders
Secrets of a Willing Wife
Sizzle
Tangerine
Tigresses—and Other
Maneaters
Ultra Flesh

Half Erect

Chopstix
Double Your Pleasure
Female Athletes
Fulfilling Young Cups
Hot Legs
John Holmes, Superstar
Olympic Fever
Robins Nest
Screwple
The Girls of Mr. X
The Pleasure Shoppe
Two Sisters

One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
More Than Sisters
Mystique

Totally Limp

Carnal Highways
Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Sweet Savage
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

The 80s

Edited by Tony Hendra, Christopher Cerf and Peter Elbling; Workman Publishing Company, Inc., 1 West 39th Street, New York, New York 10018; \$6.95

The 80s: A Look Back at the Tumultuous Decade 1980-1989 is a crazy book that pretends to have been written in 1990. Nearly 50 authors contributed articles to this satirical volume, which was skillfully designed by a large clutch of wild photographers and paste-up people. Despite the fact that *The 80s* consists of joke after joke, it makes some pretty sharp comments about where the world is by predicting where it's going.

If the predictions in this book are to be believed, Walt Disney, Inc., will buy England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales in 1982 and turn them into a theme park called the United Magic Kingdom. And later that same year, boxer Muhammad Ali will challenge 17 world leaders to fight him in a series of exhibition bouts.

But the greatest event of the decade will take place on October 17, 1983, when the UNISEX organization celebrates The International Year of the Simultaneous Orgasm. On this special day everybody on earth will



'The 80s' predicts that prostitutes will carry the universal pricing code.

come at the same time, causing the planet to tilt on its axis.

There's a whole lot more in this comical work—the death of NBC, the Beatles' forced re-

union, the Kentucky Demolition Derby, legalized prostitution (with hookers carrying the universal pricing code) and, of course, more Watergate revela-

tions. The big-name writers who've contributed some of the best essays include Abbie Hoffman and George Plimpton.

The 80s is an ingenious and happy work, but don't try to read it all at once. Humor like this needs to be taken in small doses; otherwise the material will seem labored and contrived. This is the kind of coffee-table book that will provide lots of laughs and maybe even a little social commentary.

The Family of Woman

Edited by Jerry Mason; Ridge Press Books/Grosset & Dunlap, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010; \$15

During the 1960s there was a wave of popularity over a book entitled *The Family of Man*. It was a beautiful visual representation of life on earth and of the different cultures that inhabit this planet. Later, the same publishers brought out a volume called *The Family of Children*, which also enjoyed critical and popular success.

Now comes *The Family of Woman*, a collection of extraordinary images by 180 photographers. Women of all kinds—young, old, angry, passionate, black, white, yellow and red—are pictured in warm, sensual tones.

A fact of life is that people, though individuals, share common experiences. Nothing illustrates this fact better than the collection of *Family* books. Pictured in *The Family of Woman* are females who lead a variety of lives—black African tribeswomen, dainty schoolgirls, European ballerinas, office secretaries—but who have similar patterns of behavior. They mature from childhood to womanhood. They work, fall in love, marry, have children and grow old.

In addition to the photographs, quotations pertinent to women are sprinkled throughout the book. Sylvia Cole deserves special mention for her adroit selection of these passages. They're sparse—just a line here and there—but they're carefully placed and well thought-out.

Looking at *The Family of Woman* will undoubtedly help



'The Family of Woman,' a collection of fascinating photos, will help men understand the opposite sex.

men better understand the opposite sex. Because of its array of photographs, tasteful observations and intimate sensitivity, this work gives a deep, penetrating view of the female soul.

The World Guide to Beer

Edited by Michael Jackson; Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$7.95

If beer is your thing, you've got to have this fine book. There's simply no other volume on the subject that's as complete as this one. Big, handsomely printed, filled to the brim with pictures, graphs and charts, *The World Guide to Beer* is the most entertaining coverage of brew available.

Jackson guides the reader from beer's earliest history right up to the megagallon, automated mills of the modern suds factories. He discusses the origins of each brand, the men and families responsible for producing them and the different regions of the world where the popular drink is brewed.



'The World Guide to Beer' is probably the most thorough and entertaining coverage of brew available.

A lot of questions I'd had about beer were answered by this book. For example, I'd always wondered why I had such trouble finding a porter beer. Although a few places carry rich gold ales and dark stouts, it's always seemed that someone somewhere has decreed pale-light lager to be America's beer of choice. Now, after reading *The World Guide to Beer*, I've learned that porters are

hardly being brewed anymore.

Once you've finished reading *The World Guide to Beer*, you might want to try taking a fun test. Tuck the book under your arm, and head to a store that carries imported and small-label domestic brews. Take home two or three of them, as well as a few specimens of the better-known beers. Sample each one, and notice the differences in taste, color and aroma. Besides possibly getting plastered, you'll also learn a great deal about the wide varieties in style among the various types of brew.

Pick up *The World Guide to Beer*. It's a beautiful book at a beautiful price, and it's guaranteed to intoxicate you.

Thy Neighbor's Wife

By Gay Talese; Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York 11530; \$14.95

This best-seller about the contemporary sex scene is an intensely interesting work that is well worth both your time and money. Writer Gay Talese spent nine years researching the topic, traveling thousands of miles to conduct interviews and do other background "homework" for the book.

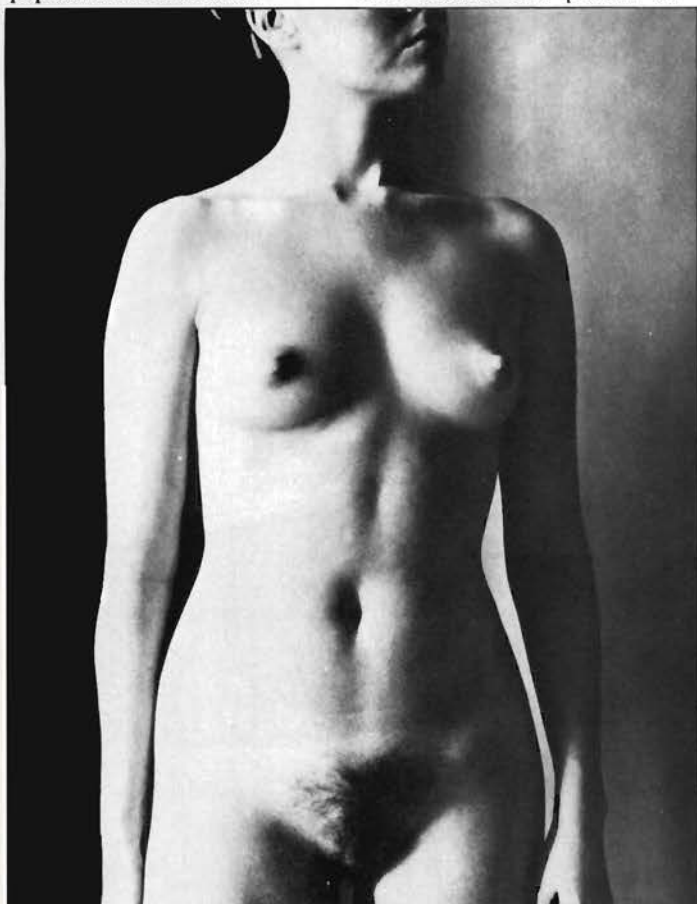
He got into the nitty-gritty of America's sexual revolution by managing a massage parlor, visiting whorehouses, hanging out at the *Playboy* mansions and stripping at a California sex re-

treat. Talese gives his readers a fascinating insight into the personal lives of upper- and middle-class swingers. Not only that, but every name and event in the book is real.

Don't categorize the author's revelations as ordinary muck-raking though. A kindly and compassionate man, he gets right into the heads of the people he writes about so that their stories emerge like parts of a very good novel. It seems that Talese's chief interest lies in what life is really about, rather than what he'd like it to be.

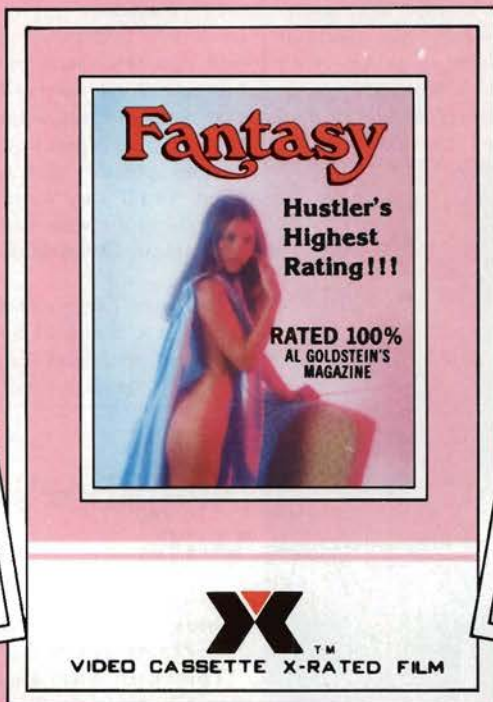
In addition to describing the "new sexuality," Talese also discusses the history of moral behavior in America over the last few centuries. Employing a flowing, entertaining style, he relates tales of censorship, sexual communes, nudist camps, Freudian and Reichian therapies, erotic art and much more. Perhaps the most intriguing parts of the book are the accounts of the white-collar orgiasts who some say are the prime movers of today's sexual awakening. The lives of such people as *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner, massage-parlor proprietor Harold Rubin and sex-society ringleader John Williamson occupy a large portion of *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. Their exploits are recounted in dozens of anecdotes interwoven throughout the narrative.

This controversial, revealing book isn't just straight reportage of the American sexual phenomenon—it's a masterful, powerful exploration of the sexual urges each of us has.



'Woman' features warm, sensual photographs and tasteful observations.

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She's coming over tonight, and you just can't wait to get your hands on that luscious body. The mere image of grabbing that smooth, round ass and those firm breasts gives you a flagpole erection that begs for relief. Sound familiar?

If you can manage to take a few deep breaths or a cold shower and temporarily put that lust on hold, you're ready to graduate from an ordinary roll in the hay to a sexual experience you never thought possible. Prepare to take her (the one you've been aching to touch) a giant step beyond the usual foreplay by giving her an *erotic massage*. You'll be rewarded by a very responsive and appreciative partner, and you'll both share an evening of lovemaking you won't soon forget.

Touching is a special and powerful form of communication. A single touch can arouse a woman to fever pitch, and it doesn't necessarily have to involve genital manipulation to be excruciatingly erotic.

The objective of erotic massage is to use this power of touch to heighten the sexual potential of the entire body. It begins with rather "innocent" stroking of your partner's naked skin, and slowly, teasingly leads to intimate caressing and direct sexual contact. But the longer you can keep from touching your partner's genitals in the initial stage of the massage, the more turned-on you and she both will be when you actually get to the main event.

Preparing for the massage and setting the mood for it with ritual and ceremony are very important. Select a quiet place with soft lighting. Little touches—like burning candles and incense and playing soft music—are all helpful. The whole session should last about one hour.

Both of you need to be naked and clean. Your partner should recline on a firm, level surface (other than a bed, which is usually too soft). For best results try a floor with plush carpeting. The room's temperature should be a

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



HOW TO GIVE AN EROTIC MASSAGE

by Maxwell Eden

comfortable 75 degrees Fahrenheit. And remember that cold hands and jagged fingernails will shock your woman's system instead of relaxing it.

Although some people experienced in the art of massage prefer to use their dry hands, most agree that lubrication is a necessity. Almond oil is often used, but carries an expensive price tag. Coconut oil, safflower oil and baby oil are all affordable and are excellent body lubes.

Start the massage by oiling your partner's body slowly with the palms of your hands. Use just enough oil so that your hands flow smoothly over her skin. Try not to talk as you give the massage; it

tends to break the spell. Once you begin rubbing her, keep at least one hand on her body at all times. Breaking contact with the skin for even a few seconds can shift her mood.

Your objective is to work methodically back and forth between her least-sensitive areas and her more-erogenous zones. As the massage progresses, however, you should concentrate on the areas of her body that will excite her the most. With just a little practice, all your moves will seem to blend into one single motion.

The beauty of body massage is that any sincere amateur can do a pretty good job. Start slowly and deliberately, and she'll sense that you know exactly what you're doing.

Massage consists of four major movements: stroking, kneading, pressing and tappinglike motions. Never press too hard on any part of her body. Although different areas require varying degrees of pressure, most movements call for slight-to-moderate force.

We suggest using simple, easy-to-master movements during your first erotic massage. The following list of techniques is offered as a guide for beginners. Keep your strokes rhythmic and pay equal attention to each part of the woman's body. Repeat each of these movements about three times unless otherwise noted—or

unless she pleads for you to do it one more time. The first five techniques, through the chest lift, should be performed while your partner is lying on her back.

Arms: Starting at one side of her body, your hands should firmly grasp her arm at the wrist. Begin a long, single stroke up her arm—with even pressure—using the flat of your palms. At the top of her arm let one hand move onto her shoulder and slide the other under her armpit. Without losing contact, return down to her wrist. Lean into this stroke with one continuous motion, and repeat it about ten times. Move to the other side of your partner's body and follow

the same procedure with her other arm.

Legs: Use the same stroke on the front of her legs as you did on her arms, massaging one leg, then the other. Let your hands move slowly from her ankles to her crotch, but avoid genital contact for the moment.

Knees: Spreading her legs apart slightly, straddle one leg in a kneeling position. Begin massaging her knee by grasping the back of her leg with your fingers intertwined so that your thumbs can trace semicircles on the sides of her kneecap. Then transfer your attention to her other leg and massage that knee. Many women find this area very sensitive; so don't overstimulate it.

Abdomen and Chest: Kneeling at one side of your partner's body, place both of your hands flat on her abdomen and slide them in opposite directions, pressing gently, from one side of her waist to the other. After repeating this stroke several times, move your hands up a few inches and begin again. When you reach her breasts, let your hands glide lightly over them, tantalizingly avoiding her nipples. (In time, you'll get to them.) Move up her entire torso in this fashion until you reach her shoulders; then return to her abdomen and work your way up again.

Chest Lift: Kneeling behind the woman's head, work your hands across

her shoulders and down over the top of her chest. When you reach her waist, slide your hands slowly underneath her body. Then draw your hands up her back, lifting her two or three inches so that her torso arches. Her head will move back as you lift her, putting her mouth directly in the path of your cock. Allow it to brush against her lips and face. If she goes for your cock with her mouth, you have the option of pausing for a blowjob, but you'll be thankful later if you hold off a bit longer.

Back: Gently turn her over so that she's lying on her stomach, and straddle her body at the hips. Since the back is the most important area to be massaged, spend at least 15 minutes working on it. The spinal cord is the core of the entire central nervous system, which receives all sensual and erotic input. As you rub her back, you'll actually feel her muscles relax and unknotted.

Starting at the base of her spine, use moderate pressure to push upward along the ridges of muscle and into the indentation near the spinal cord itself. Lean forward as you press. Turn smoothly at the shoulder blades and then return to the base. You can do this movement by pressing in time with the rhythm of her breathing; press as she exhales and ease up as she inhales. Repeat this at least ten times.

Buttocks: From her back, your hands can move easily downward onto her ass. Rotate your palms on her ass cheeks, beginning slowly and varying the speed and pressure. Do this 15 to 20 times. Letting your penis brush against her body at this point will add considerably to the feeling of seduction. Although you may be dying to mount her from the rear, try to hold off that desire for now.

After you've completed working on all of these specific parts of her body, massage her fingers, scalp, temples and forehead, behind her ears and in between her toes, using light, circular motions. Your massage should include stroking, pressing, rubbing and light tapping of every part of her body before moving on to more-intimate probing. By this time she'll be aroused and highly responsive to your touch.

Now you're ready to move into more directly sexual territory. But don't immediately lunge for her clitoris. The transition from erotic massage to actual sex should be gradual, not abrupt. You've spent all this time building up her arousal through the massage; so continue teasing and touching to bring her to an erotic peak before attempting penetration.

Start by kissing her hands and licking and sucking on her fingers. Working on a woman's hands, a favorite European technique, is almost always an incredible turn-on. Make sure you're prepared to handle the passion you unleash with this maneuver! She may go right for your cock; if she does, use your hands to gently restrain her.

She's still on her back now; so you can easily move into a full breast massage. With your fingers spread, palm her breasts and rotate them slowly in the same direction; then change directions. As you continue with these rotations, shift the emphasis from your palms to your fingertips.

Avoiding her nipples at first, massage her breasts, using light corkscrew motions with the tips of your fingers. Work all around the breast area in a circular pattern until finally reaching her nipples. Continue the corkscrew movements on the sides of her breasts while massaging her nipples with your thumbs. Now trace tiny figure-eights with your tongue across her nipples and down the sides of her breasts, breathing softly on them as you lick.

Use your hands to tell her to turn over on her stomach. Begin softly kissing her on the nape of the neck, and work your way down her body—paying close attention to the small of her back—all the way to behind her knees. Remember that this area, often overlooked in foreplay, is very sensual.



Gently kiss and lick the backs of her knees, and then work your way up to her neck again. Now lick a line all along her spine, from her neck to her ass. If you and your partner enjoy anal rimming (see June's *Sex Play*), you're in a prime position now to spread her legs apart and probe her anal opening, first with your fingers and then with your tongue.

With one hand caressing her lower back and buttocks, place your index finger between her legs from behind. Using your fingertip, gently start rubbing circles on her perineum, that highly sensual fleshy area located between her anus and her vagina. At this point you can also slide your middle finger up her rectum, using some of your saliva as lubrication.

She may respond to all this by gyrating her hips wildly and humping the floor, which can be just too much of a turn-on for human restraint. There are several options available to you in this situation. The natural extension of rimming and fingering her asshole is anal penetration, in which case you can easily take her from the rear. Rub your cock between the cheeks of her ass for a few moments (or as long as you can safely contain yourself). Then guide your cock slowly and gently into her asshole, using lubrication as needed.

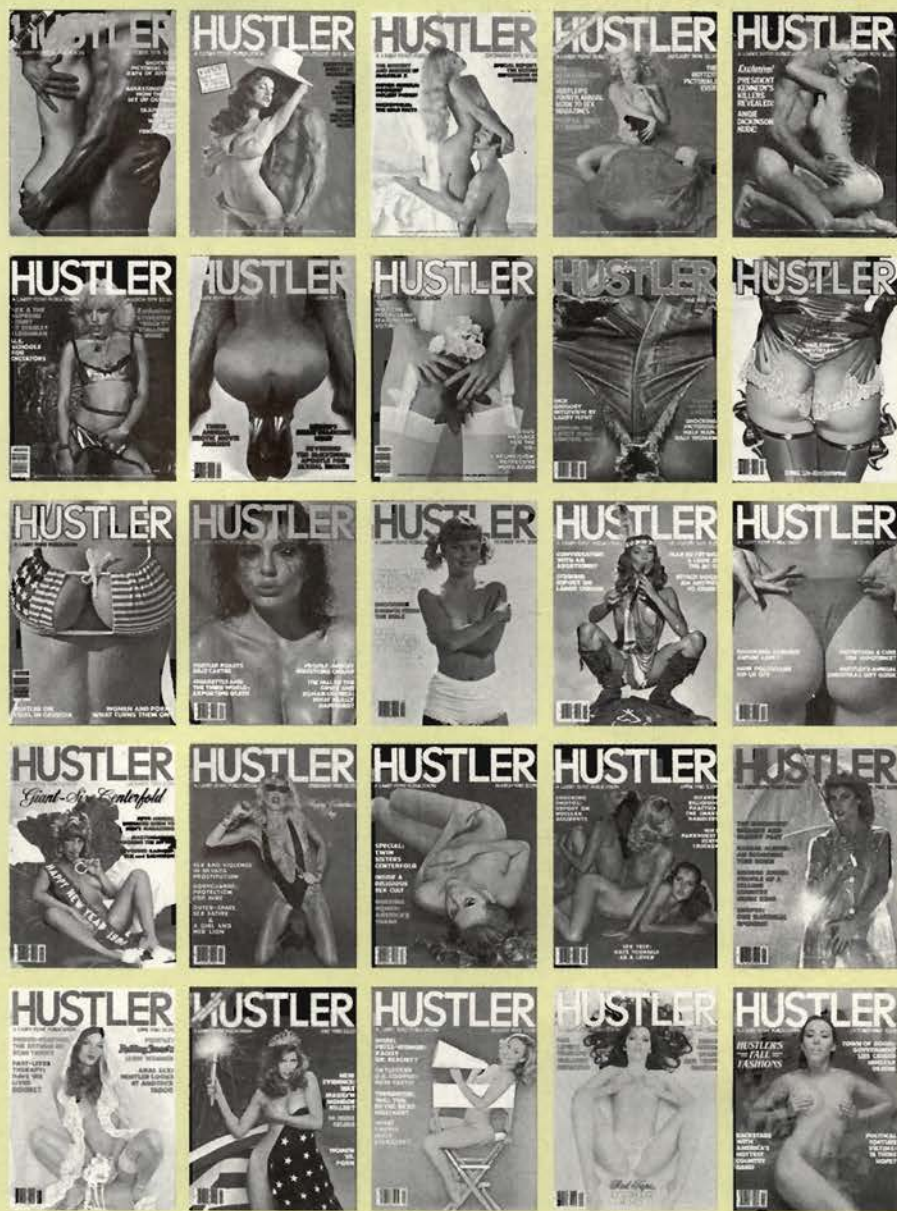
If you prefer straight sex, your partner can quickly roll over for some missionary-position fucking, and the resulting orgasms will undoubtedly be sensational. But if you can put it off for just a little while longer, the payoff will be even bigger.

Turn your woman over one more time so that she's lying on her back, and begin to barely brush her pubic hair with your fingers. From a kneeling position, trace tiny, teasing swirls up and down her pubic area with your fingers. Now you're ready to move on to a full genital massage. Spreading her legs, stroke her genitals with both thumbs (your nails touching back to back) and let your forefingers run lightly along her vaginal lips. As your hands move lower, let your thumbs slide into her vagina.

Then with one hand caressing her upper body and breasts, use the middle finger of your other hand to alternately stroke her clitoris and probe deeply inside her vagina. Pet her clit lightly; by now it should be ready to burst with the release of sexual tension—so go easy.

If you've been strong enough to last this long, then you deserve the incredible fuck that lies ahead. You have taken her back and forth between sensuality and sexuality in tantalizing luxury. When she comes, her orgasm will explode in her genitals and spread out to every corner of her body.

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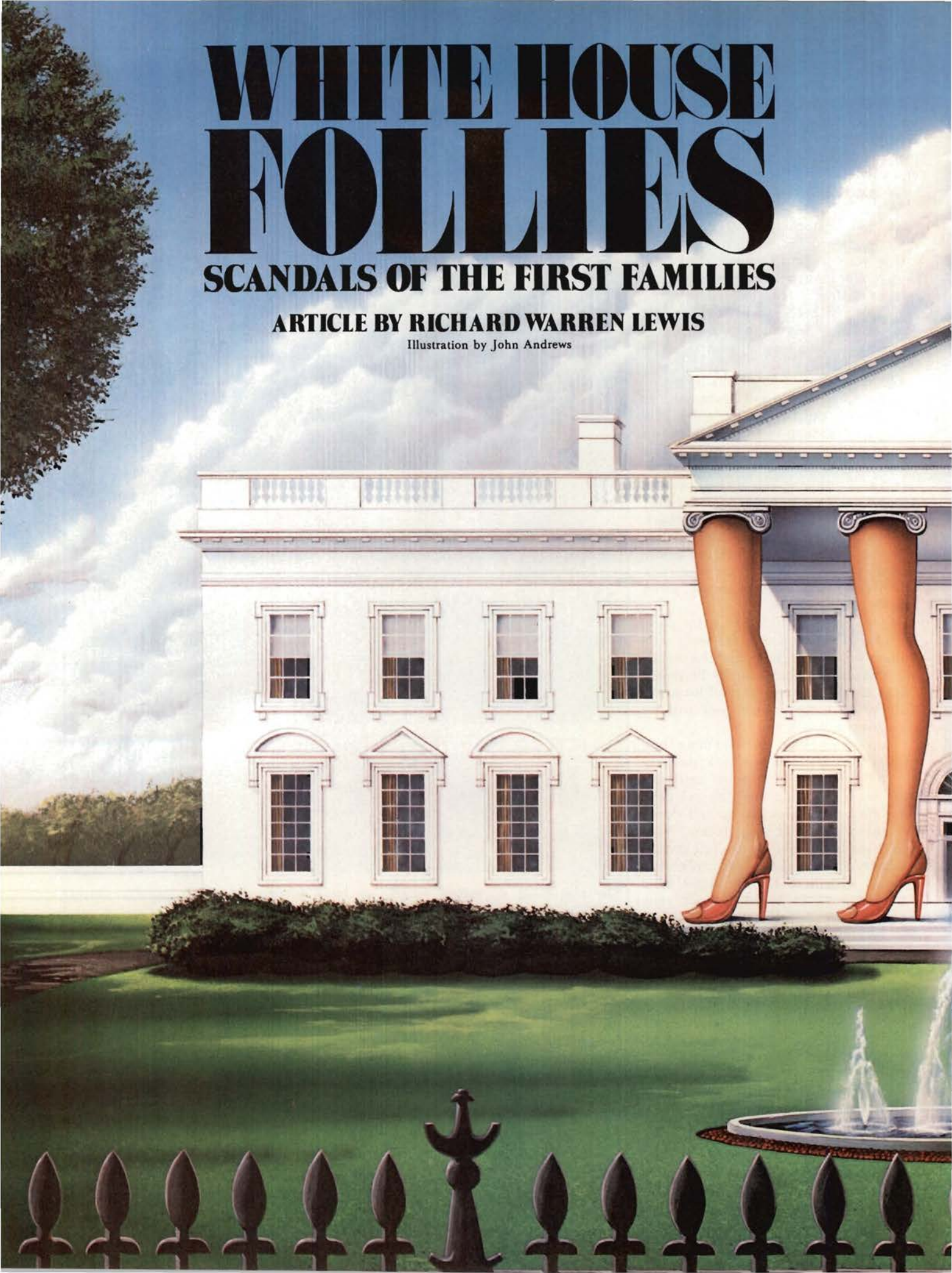
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WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES

SCANDALS OF THE FIRST FAMILIES

ARTICLE BY RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

Illustration by John Andrews



They stand there high in the Black Hills of South Dakota, four faces sculpted out of a mountainside that can be seen 60 miles away. Tens of thousands of Americans travel great distances each year to gaze upon these replicas of immortal U.S. presidents: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln. But although the craggy images resting on top of Mount Rushmore are carved out of granite, they represent men who were ordinary mortals during their lifetimes, hampered by feet of clay.

Their private lives, as well as those of many of the other 35 presidents, read

like something out of a television soap opera. Their stories bubble over with extramarital affairs, bigamy, venereal diseases, illegitimate children, tragic deaths, drug and alcohol abuse, and debilitating mental and physical disorders. Nearly half of those who have occupied the Executive Office have fallen prey to those familiar temptations made famous in song—cigarettes, whiskey and wild, wild women. Unlike Jimmy Carter, who once admitted that he lusted in his heart for other women, numerous presidents found more immediate outlets for their sexual needs.

Consider Thomas Jefferson, cele-



brated for writing the Declaration of Independence as well as for his impressive physical stature and hearty sexual appetite. Lustful urges toward the wife of a boyhood friend stirred within him several times before and after his only marriage. Desperately, he tried to convince Betsey Walker of what her outraged husband later called "the innocence of promiscuous love." But on each occasion the mighty Jefferson struck out.

Prospects seemed to improve during his tenure as American minister to France, when he befriended Maria Cosway, the wife of an artist who painted pornographic miniatures. But there is some doubt whether the two of them went any farther than looking at erotic pictures together.

Jefferson finally made up for these previous frustrations with Sally Hemings, one of the 135 slaves he kept on his Monticello, Virginia, estate. Sally was the half-sister of his late wife, born out of an illicit union between Jefferson's father-in-law and a mulatto servant. All of them lived at Monticello. At the tender age of 14 she had chaperoned one of Jefferson's daughters from Virginia to his diplomatic quarters in Paris. By the time she returned home, two years later, he had made her pregnant. For 38 years

thereafter this olive-skinned quadroon—she was one-fourth black—served as mistress to the redheaded, freckle-faced Jefferson, bearing him a total of five children out of wedlock. Many visitors to Monticello reported that the resemblance between Jefferson and one of his full-grown black sons was so strong that it was impossible to tell them apart from a distance.

Not surprisingly, the President's ceaseless devotion to a black woman prompted a major political scandal. The *Columbian Centinel* of Boston featured an article describing Jefferson's daughters as weeping uncontrollably after being ordered to address Sally as Mother. The *Boston Gazette* and *Richmond Recorder* printed venomous poetry lampooning Jefferson's attention to the slave woman.

By the end of his first term as president there was more damaging talk that Jefferson had bedded the wife of a former college classmate, plagiarized the Declaration of Independence from another writer, used obscene language, was habitually drunk and—worst of all—that he did not believe in God.

Ironically, Jefferson was a member of the Episcopal Church, and he frequently attended devotional services. His refusal to proclaim his spiritual faith and to debunk other personal attacks

stemmed from his strong belief in the freedom-of-speech amendment he had helped write into the Constitution.

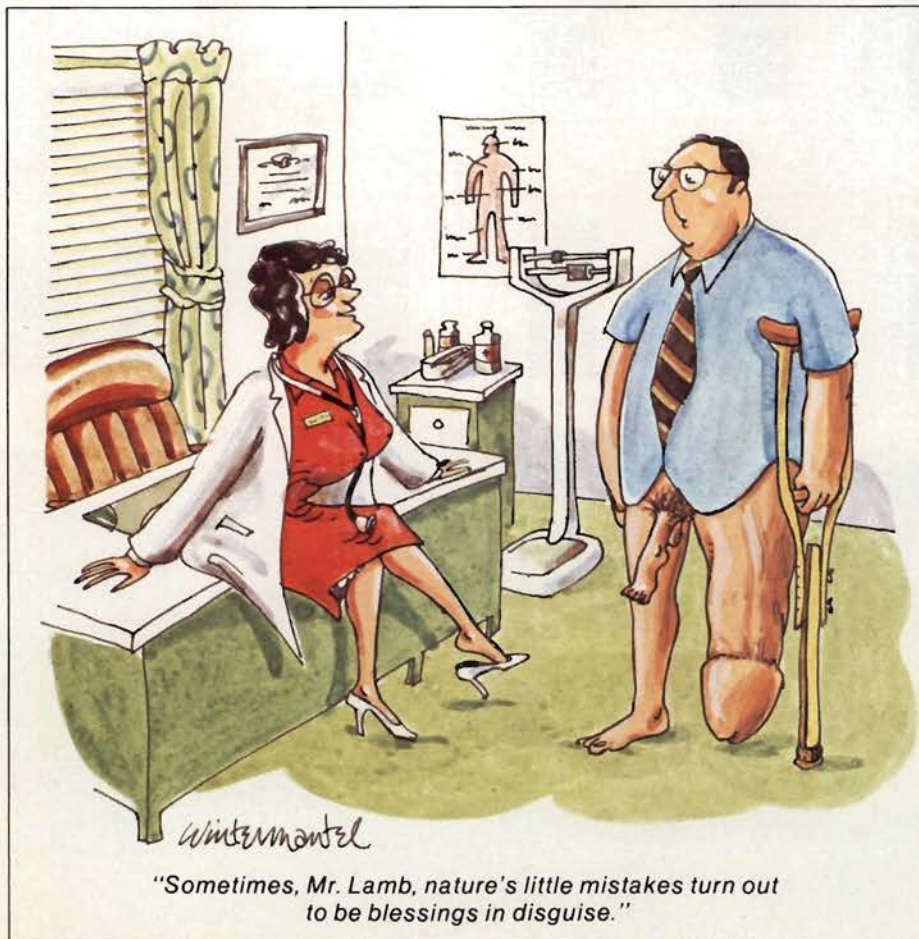
"Jefferson, who never replied directly to [these and other charges], thus became the first president whose intimate life was used as a political bludgeon by his enemies," noted his biographer, Fawn Brodie. "True, there is a myth that the British, to discredit George Washington during the Revolution, had forged a letter having him describe the charms of his slave women at Mount Vernon. But no historian has seen the actual letter, and few patriots heard of it at the time. Not till long after Washington's death did Americans learn of his tender affection for his neighbor's wife, Sally Fairfax."

Apparently, the flawless leader who supposedly could not tell a lie was far less virtuous than many imagined. Washington's hidden yearnings for Mrs. Fairfax, a slim, sophisticated Virginia society woman, were spelled out in more than 80 adoring letters published following the death of our first president. One avowal of love was written soon after he was engaged to his eventual wife, Martha. Another letter, mailed less than four months before Washington was married, repeated his romantic obsession for the woman who taught him how to dance, advised him on his wardrobe and read the classics aloud to him in her parlor. Years later he wrote that the happiest moments of his life had been spent in Sally's company.

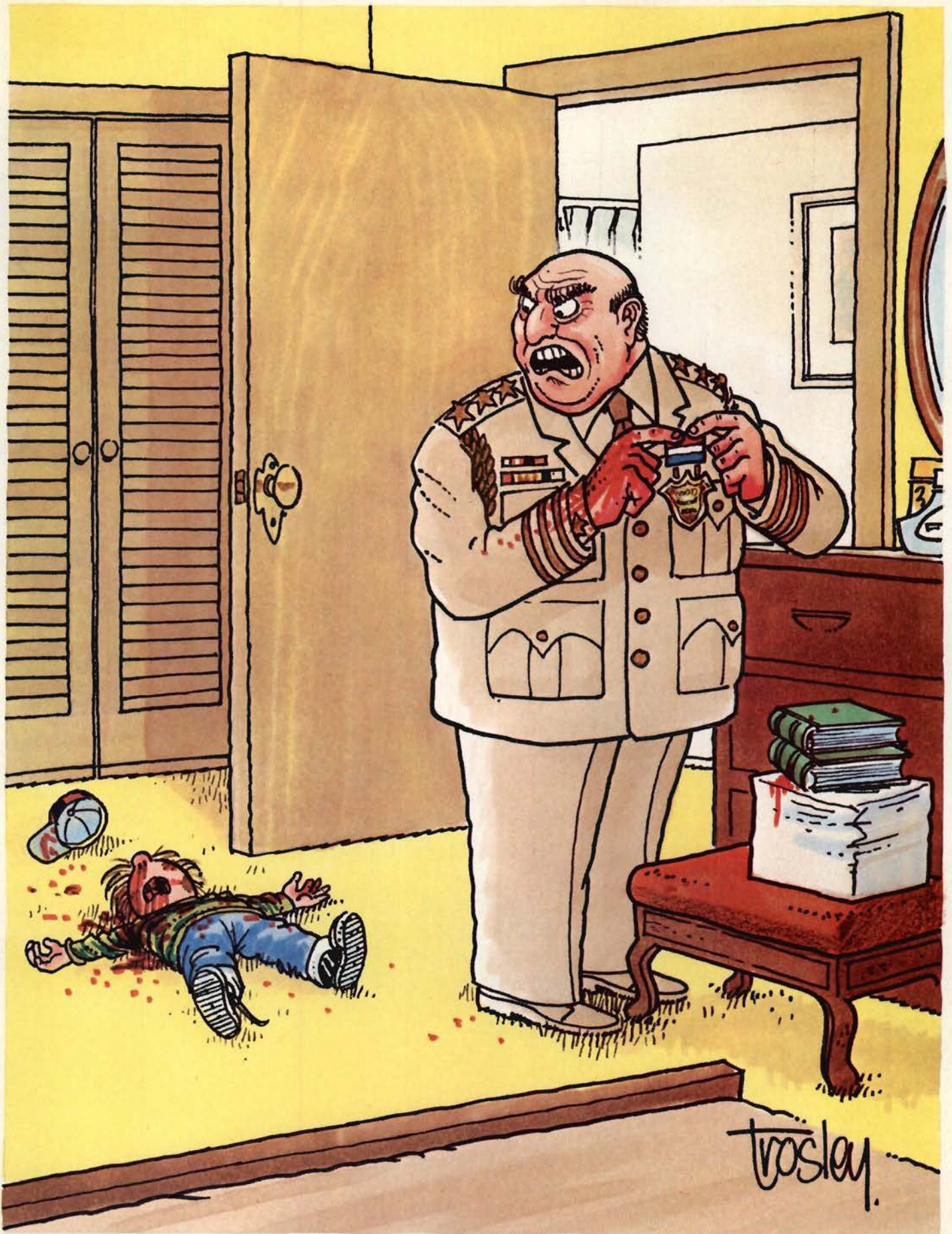
While Washington managed to keep his feelings for Mrs. Fairfax secret, he had less success checking stories of other scandalous assertions, namely that he had contracted syphilis in early manhood and had kept a mistress who sent sensitive documents to the enemy during the Revolution. In fact, officers in his own forces tried to oust him for incompetence, and once charged him with moral depravity. Not only was he said to write smutty letters and tell obscene anecdotes, but he is alleged to have fathered innumerable bastard children throughout the 13 original colonies. No wonder so many innkeepers displayed a sign reading, GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE. Washington never fathered a legitimate child. But if all the printed or spoken rumors about his illegitimate children could be proven, he would be the most prolific figure in American history—the father of his country in more ways than one.

Many accounts insist, until this day, that his fatal bout with pneumonia resulted from a chill suffered on a bitterly cold December morning, after

(continued on page 48)



"Sometimes, Mr. Lamb, nature's little mistakes turn out to be blessings in disguise."



"That'll teach you not to fool with Daddy's Good Conduct Medal!"



Victoria

LADY IN WAITING

"I'm waiting for a certain kind of guy," Victoria says, coyly. "It may sound corny, but I think of myself as a queen waiting for her king to come." It's not that she hasn't had her share of men. She knows full well the erotic pleasures her sensuous body can give. But she longs for a special romance with a man who knows how to please her, a powerful man whose touch can thrill her to submission. She knows he's out there looking for her. She is willing to wait.

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WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES

(continued from page 38)

overexerting himself in bed with the wife of the foreman on his Mount Vernon estate. And for years following his death, Washington was charged with using his slaves for immoral purposes. Twentieth-century exposés of his personal life suggest that in a diary he kept track of the slaves he slept with, using circles, dots, checks and curves to rate their sexual abilities.

Revered by generations of schoolchildren as being first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, Washington may also have been the first American politician to pad his expense account. Hustling the rest of the Founding Fathers, he asked to be reimbursed for his expenses instead of accepting the paltry \$500-a-month salary he was supposed to receive as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces. Washington's expense voucher after eight years came to a staggering \$447,220. Afraid that Washington would again take advantage of the Treasury, Congress fixed his 1789 Presidential salary at a flat \$25,000—with no extras.

Perhaps because of his impoverished childhood, Abraham Lincoln was far

thriftier with a dollar than Washington. No wonder it was difficult for him to accept the extravagant clothing bills and other excesses of his wife, Mary Todd. Newspapers soundly criticized Mrs. Lincoln for wearing \$2,000 ball gowns at elaborate White House receptions while thousands of Union soldiers were dying on Civil War battlefields.

At one point, desperately trying to balance the household budget, the First Lady dismissed the White House steward and other members of the domestic staff in order to cover personal expenses. But Lincoln barely complained about his wife's overindulgences. Nor did he usually respond to her intense jealousy of other women and her ungovernable temper. A review of the Lincolns' life together indicates that The Great Emancipator—the larger-than-life statesman who freed the slaves—was a pussy-whipped weakling at home.

Young Abe Lincoln was said to be more comfortable around farm animals than women when he first met plump, pretty Mary Todd in 1840. He was fond of telling lengthy anecdotes filled with barnyard humor, and he once made a special point of asking a New Salem, Illinois, neighbor for permission to watch his stud bull perform during mating season. The Lincoln-Todd relation-

ship got off to a shaky start when the bridegroom got cold feet and failed to show up for the wedding. After the marriage finally came off without a hitch 11 months later, the best man noted: "Lincoln looked and acted as if he was going to the slaughter."

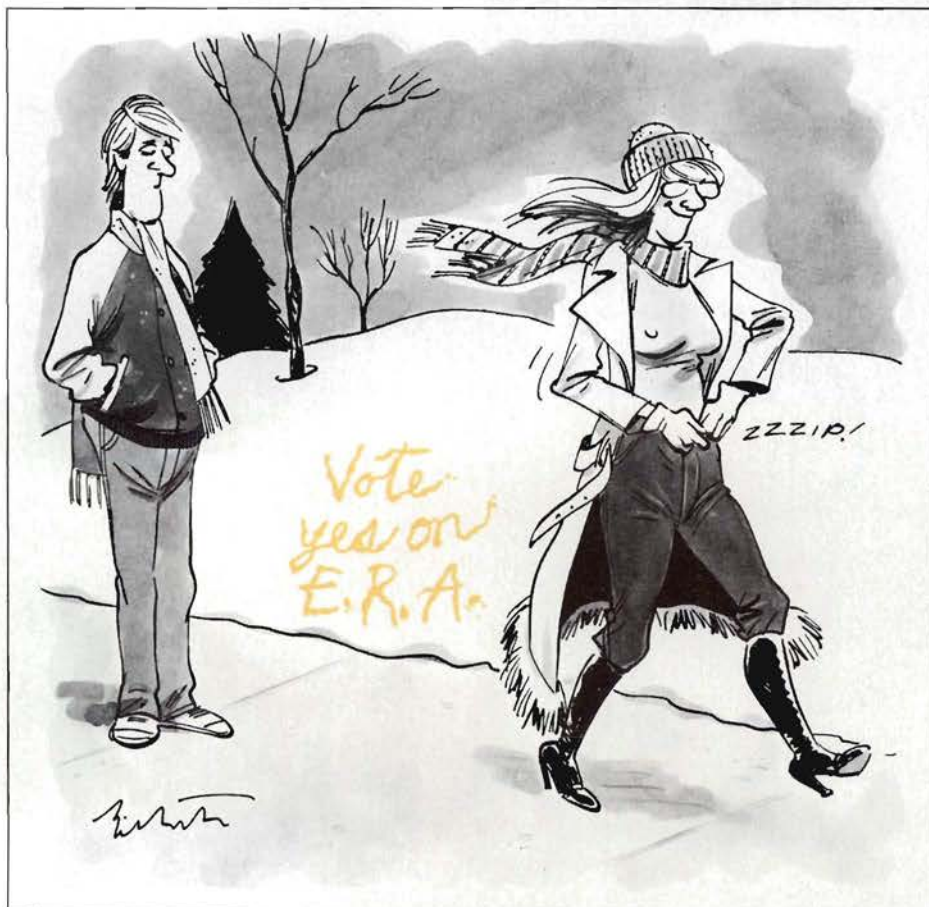
Almost from the outset, Mary complained about the long hours her husband spent pursuing his legal career. Her suspicions about any woman who had more than a passing word with Lincoln were accompanied by persistent migraine headaches. She frequently exploded in temperamental outbursts, once chasing Abe from the house with a butcher knife. Lincoln meekly excused such tantrums, puzzling friends with his infinite patience.

Mary Todd Lincoln's mental condition gradually deteriorated after the sudden death from pneumonia of the Lincolns' 11-year-old son, Willie, in 1862. She became a virtual patent-medicine junkie, strung out on remedies and elixirs containing opium, cannabis and cocaine. Soon she began reporting spiritual visitations from Willie and another son, Edward, who had died of diphtheria 12 years earlier. She persuaded the President to join her in several White House seances, hoping to communicate with their dead children. Meanwhile, without telling her husband, Mary relieved her grief by going on compulsive shopping sprees. In four months' time she ran up a debt of \$27,000 for new clothes, including 300 pairs of gloves. Ten years after Lincoln's assassination, Mary was formally committed to an institution for the insane.

Much later, as stories of her insanity received wider circulation, it also came to light that Lincoln's mother—Nancy Hanks—was illegitimate. Supposedly that was what caused the President's extended periods of unbroken silence and recurrent melancholy, often driving his wife to the point of fury.

"Any man familiar with public life realizes the foul gossip that ripples beneath the surface about almost any public man and especially about every president," Teddy Roosevelt once observed. But he alone among the four faces immortalized on Mount Rushmore seems to have escaped the sting of public scandal.

He had his share, however, of personal despair. As a 25-year-old New York State assemblyman, he received a telegram announcing that his wife had just given birth to a baby girl. Rushing home for the blessed event, he learned that his wife and also his mother were desperately ill. Tragically, they died





"Now, about those stomachaches...."

within hours of each other on Valentine's Day—his wife of childbirth complications, and his mother of typhoid.

There is no indication that his second marriage was anything but faithful. The 26th president's often-quoted philosophy—"Speak softly, but carry a big stick"—referred to America's role in international diplomacy, rather than his sex life.

His fifth cousin, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, proved to be much less discreet. For years the American public was led to believe that all was serene in the 32nd president's household.

But in recent years, evidence has emerged that Franklin and Eleanor never slept together during the last 29 years of his life and, in fact, occupied separate bedrooms in the White House. One feeble excuse for this estrangement was Eleanor's desire not to bear any more children. Another was that she considered sex an ordeal. But the real reason was that FDR was being punished for a once-secret romance with Eleanor's social secretary, Lucy Mercer. "Father was human," explained his son, James, in *My Parents: A Differing View*. "He had a weakness for the ladies all his life, and he had his romantic affairs, as do most men who have the opportunity."

Blond and beautiful, Lucy Mercer was barely 22 years old when she began

working for Mrs. Roosevelt in 1913, helping her sort out mail, pay bills and reply to party invitations extended to FDR—then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. According to one writer, Lucy's voice had the quality of dark velvet, and she had obvious aspects of femininity that Eleanor sorely lacked.

In the summer of 1916, while Mrs. Roosevelt and the children vacationed a thousand miles away in Canada, FDR and Lucy became more intimately acquainted, dining in private homes and driving around Washington after dark. On one occasion they checked into a Virginia motel as man and wife and spent the night. A passionate exchange of love letters followed. (FDR never threw any of them away, and that proved to be his downfall.) Roosevelt wrote to Lucy every day during a European visit in 1918. He told her he wanted to get a divorce and marry her. But when he was stricken with double pneumonia upon his return from overseas, Eleanor took personal charge of his recovery, and shortly thereafter she stumbled on Lucy's letters.

In a heated meeting involving FDR's mother, Sara, and his political adviser, Louis Howe, Eleanor offered to give Franklin the divorce he wanted. If that happened, Sara reminded them, she would cut off the large amount of money

she contributed each year to her son's family. Howe pointed out that a divorce would mean political suicide.

"After everyone had their say, Father and Mother sat down and agreed to go on for the sake of appearances, the children and the future, but as business partners, not as husband and wife, provided he end his affair with Lucy at once, which he did," reported James Roosevelt. "After that, Father and Mother had an armed truce that endured to the day he died."

Roosevelt was stricken with polio in 1921 and later was confined to a wheelchair. But according to another son, Elliott, he was still able to engage in a 20-year affair with his private secretary, Missy LeHand, and another, in the early 1940s, with Crown Princess Martha of Norway, a young matron who spent most of the war years in Washington.

Eighteen boxes of letters recently uncovered at the Roosevelt estate in Hyde Park, New York, seem to indicate that Eleanor was not entirely unfulfilled during the nearly 30 years she abstained from sex with her husband. They describe an ongoing friendship between Mrs. Roosevelt and Lorena Hickok, a stout, cigar-smoking newspaperwoman.

"Oh, dear one," begins one of Eleanor's letters to Hickok dated in 1933, the year of FDR's first inauguration. "It is all the little things, tones in your voice, the feel of your hair, gestures, these are the things I think about and long for."

Replied Hickok, late in 1933: "Dear, I've been trying today to bring back your face. . . . Most clearly I remember your eyes and the feeling of that soft spot just northeast of the corner of your mouth against my lips."

The escapades of the Roosevelts seem relatively tame when contrasted with those of another sex-driven 20th-century president—Warren G. Harding. The tall, handsome Ohioan was far less successful at running the government than he was at attracting women. His three-year administration, which ended abruptly in 1923 when he died in office of a heart attack, was riddled with graft and corruption and damaged by a series of devastating political scandals. Eventually, public disclosure of his extramarital misdeeds further disgraced his already-tarnished reputation.

Like many of those who eventually held the nation's highest office, he first cheated on his wife with the spouse of one of his good friends. Beginning when he was lieutenant governor of Ohio in 1905 and continuing over the next 15

(continued on page 130)





"... And Halloween's coming up. Better double the order of apples and razor blades."



WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICAN POLITICS

ANALYSIS BY LARRY FLYNT

Illustration by Daerick Gross

About 100 million adult Americans didn't vote in the 1976 Presidential election. I won't be a bit surprised if a lot more than that stay home this year. The government would have us believe that apathy is the reason for the low voter turnout. Bullshit! That's simply a case of the government's refusing to take responsibility for problems it creates.

Nobody could ever convince me that the overwhelming majority of Americans aren't as concerned about this country's serious problems as I am. The reason they're not voting is because our political system—which is basically a good one—has been so completely corrupted that people don't believe anything positive can result from an election.

I find that extremely alarming, because the cornerstone of our democracy is free elections. Without its citizens voting, a democracy can't function. But you can't expect them to go to the polls when our system doesn't provide them with adequate choices. Nor can they be expected to vote when the candidates can't be trusted to represent the people's interests.

Something has gone terribly wrong with our system. Just look at the incompetent "leaders" who have been pushed upon us in the last decade. Richard Nixon was forced to resign in disgrace before he could finish gutting our Constitution. Then we were stuck with bumbling Gerald Ford, the man who pardoned Nixon in one of the most despicable sellouts in our history. What's more, Ford became President without anybody outside of one Michigan Congressional district ever having voted for him.

The only other choice we've had was a sanctimonious peanut farmer named Jimmy Carter. As President, he's done absolutely nothing except let the country's problems get completely out of hand. Meanwhile, the members of Congress, who are supposed to be our most direct representatives in government, can't seem to do anything but get themselves in trouble.

This sad state of affairs would be deplorable at any time, but now more than ever we need strong leaders and effective government. I realize that's a sweeping statement. I say it because I think we're facing troubles so serious that not only our freedom but also our very existence is at stake.

Pollution is slowly poisoning us. We are being killed by our government just as surely as if it had a loaded gun to our heads. Radioactivity from nuclear-power plants is contaminating the water we drink and the air we breathe. What's more, it was recently discovered that industrial-chemical wastes are endangering water supplies in 3,600 locations around the country. At the same time, smog alerts are becoming so frequent in big cities that our kids might soon start dropping dead in school yards. Maybe

that's what it will take for the government to do something about air pollution.

Our economy is in a shambles. Runaway inflation is no longer some abstract term used by college professors. It's a painful reality to millions of Americans who are working harder for less because our government and the corporations that control it are conspiring to keep prices spiraling in order to maximize their profits. It's a statistical fact that in most families both the husband and wife must work to make ends meet.

The inflation that results from these rising prices is outright theft of your money. Why? Because the money you have in the bank is losing its value literally by the minute. When a dollar you've worked for becomes worth something less than a dollar, you've been robbed.

You may not know this, but it's a frightening historical fact that no country with double-digit inflation has remained a democracy for very long. Economic chaos leads to political chaos, opening the doors for dictators. Are we



going to lose our most cherished freedoms because politicians are unable—or unwilling—to straighten out the economy? Our government's cozy relationship with Big Business, and the corruption that comes with it, could very well bring that about.

To top it off, we're in the midst of a severe recession, with more than 2 million people added to the unemployment rolls in 1980. Official forecasts predict an unemployment rate of 8.5% in 1981, but more likely it will exceed 10%. So the government has put us in a double bind: We need more work to do to survive because of inflation, but there is less work available because of the recession.

I don't have to point out that the energy situation is worse than ever. In 1974 we heard all about commitments to conservation, plans for increases in domestic sources of oil, and other promises. But since then the big oil companies—with the government's blessing—have continued to screw consumers by raising gasoline prices higher and higher. I don't buy the oil companies' argument that they have been forced to raise prices because of rising production costs. In fact, oil-company officials admitted during the 1979 gas crisis that they were deliberately keeping output from domestic wells low and limiting refinery capacity so that the oil would bring higher market prices. What did our government do to stop all this? Nothing!

Besides promoting inflation, skyrocketing gasoline prices threaten the citizen's ability to travel freely—he simply can't afford it. Travel restrictions are a hallmark of totalitarian countries, and it would be a crime if our freedom of the road were curtailed because of greedy oil companies.

Most depressing is the weakness of our foreign policy. We are a proud, mighty nation dedicated to freedom through strength. Yet we have been held hostage by a fanatical religious nut in Iran. We have been made fools of by the Soviets in Afghanistan. Our president is so ignorant about world affairs that he acted surprised when Russian troops marched into that country: "My opinion of the Russians," he said, "has changed more drastically in the last week than even in the previous two-and-a-half years."

Just what opinion did Carter once have? Hadn't he heard about Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the other countries the Soviets have invaded in the past 30 years? Because our incompetent leaders are so unsure of themselves, so lacking in any coherent, consistent foreign policy, we have lost the respect not only of our enemies but of our allies as well.

Meanwhile, our basic freedoms are eroding away at home while our elected officials look the other way. The Supreme Court, with its Nixon/Ford-appointed majority, consistently makes rulings that abridge freedom of the press. Law-enforcement officials can now raid newspaper offices and confiscate reporters' notes. Journalists are being sent to jail for not revealing their sources, jeopardizing the free flow of information. Since we know we can't depend on the government for accurate information, it is imperative that we rely on the press. But now knowledgeable insiders are becoming increasingly afraid to speak to reporters, for fear their identities will be revealed.

I don't mean to sound like a doomsayer. I still think America is the greatest country in the world and that its people deserve the best. That's why it's simply inexcusable that we've been forced into the mess we're in.

I blame the politicians.

Obviously, Jimmy Carter doesn't think much of you and me. In what may be the most outrageous and irresponsible statement ever made by a United States president, Carter last year blamed the American citizens for his own failure to deal with the problems of this country. He had the gall to say there was little the government could do about the economy and energy crisis because the "malaise" of the American people was the root of the problem. Everything is our fault, according to Carter, because "too many of us now tend to worship self-indulgence and consumption." Does he really think we are so gullible and ignorant that he can insult us by laying his failures at our feet?

I know we aren't gullible and ignorant. We haven't given up on ourselves; we've given up on the politicians. Just take a look at Congress in the last few years. During the Koreagate scandal the headlines were screaming about congressmen accepting gifts from overseas lobbyists. Then early this year we were reading about congressmen taking bribes from FBI agents who were posing

as wealthy Arabs. In other words, these crooked congressmen were caught red-handed selling their influence to foreigners. What are we to think when the men who are supposed to represent us are making laws not for us but for foreign interests?

It's obvious that Carter and the Democrats are missing the boat. But it's just as obvious that the alternative given us by the Republicans would sink it. They offer us Ronald Reagan, a dawdling old fool who can't keep his facts straight and who doesn't seem to care if he does.

This is the same Ronald Reagan whose concern for the environment was summed up with his comment, "Once you've seen one redwood, you've seen them all," and whose feelings for the poor were demonstrated by his opinion of a free-food program during the Patricia Hearst kidnapping, "It's just too bad we can't have an epidemic of botulism." Apparently, he'd rather have poor people poisoned than fed.

We have every right to demand a president who can see to it that things start working right again. We cannot accept a president who won't fight to keep our freedoms. But all we get are candidates who are incapable of solving problems and who actually are threats to the liberties we cherish. Why?

The truth is, our two-party system is a farce because both major parties are beholden to the same big corporations and banks that control the majority of the country's wealth. There used to be a popular phrase among politicians that "what's good for Big Business is good for America." But interests of Big Business are not always the same as yours or mine. They wouldn't be poisoning us with industrial waste and robbing us blind with inflation if they cared about anything but growth and profit. Their interest in profit is often at the expense of the consumer.

One of the best-known examples of that is the Ford

It's obvious that President Jimmy Carter and the Democrats are missing the boat. The alternatives given us by the Republicans would sink it.

Motor Company's decision to market the Pinto with its fire-prone gas tank. Even though Ford officials knew this car was a death trap, they calculated that it would be cheaper to absorb legal costs from victims' lawsuits than to spend \$8 more per car to build a safer gas tank. How long is our government going to let Big Business get away with this callous disregard for human life? As long as Big Business is in control!

Using their vast resources, power and money, Big Business and the big banks control both major parties. It's a setup: No matter who is nominated by the parties—or who wins the election—the interests of Big Business are assured top priority.

Never has this been clearer than with the Jimmy Carter Presidency. Reagan and the Republicans make no bones about being the party of Big Business, but Carter has tried to present himself as an "outsider" representing only the plain folks of America. In truth, Carter's ties to the huge corporations that are bilking the public are even more easily traced than Reagan's. The key is Carter's former membership in the Trilateral Commission.

The Trilateral Commission is the perfect symbol of the influence the big banks and corporations have on American politics. This organization was founded by David Rockefeller, head of the New York-based Chase Manhattan Bank, one of the world's largest financial institutions. The Trilateral Commission brings together internationalist corporate bigwigs, politicians from both major parties, and scholars. Its function is not to promote the welfare of the American citizen, but to protect the interests of greedy multinational corporations in the United States, Western Europe and Japan.

Jimmy Carter was a member of the Trilateral Commission before ascending to the Presidency in 1977, taking with him no fewer than 16 fellow commission members as top appointees in his administration. When Carter first took office, his vice president, secretary of state, secretary of defense and secretary of the treasury were all culled from the Trilateral Commission. So was Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's national-security adviser.

Republican members of the Trilateral Commission included George Bush, the CIA man who Reagan chose as his running mate; William Brock, chairman of the Republican National Committee; and Henry Kissinger, Nixon's secretary of state.

The influence of the Trilateralists on Carter was made crystal-clear last year, when he let the exiled Shah of Iran into this country. America had nothing to gain by harboring the deposed ruler. In fact, the State Department knew in advance that to do so would trigger the capturing of the American Embassy staff by the Iranians. But the Shah had been a long-time accomplice in the multinational corporations' power drive, and he still had a fortune tied up in American-based international banks. Fearing the Shah would take his money out of circulation, Henry Kissinger and the Chase Manhattan Bank's David Rockefeller used their Trilateral ties to compel the Carter Administration to admit the Shah into this country.

Of course, Kissinger and Rockefeller are Republicans, while Carter is a Democrat. But those party names are

empty labels, not competing philosophies. Because all three men are Trilateralists, the pressure from Kissinger and Rockefeller worked on Carter—and against the welfare of the American people. If that isn't solid proof that our so-called two-party system is one big umbrella organization of corporate interests, I don't know what is.

Our political process can't bring about the changes that are needed to clean up the mess we're in because the people who control it won't let it work that way. The big banks and corporations that are running our country and our lives are looking out for their own interests, not ours. So every four years they give us two puppets to choose from. One is a Democrat, the other a Republican. Both are sellouts.

I'm not saying we want a multitude of small parties representing every little political splinter group. We only have to look at Italy and other countries to see what a hodgepodge of political factions can do to a democracy. There's nothing wrong with a two-party system if it *really* is a two-party system. I don't think it's too much to ask for the political parties to actually represent people and points of view instead of one big corporate interest.

Making the major parties responsive to the people instead of to the banks and multinational corporations is essential if we are to retain our democracy. But there is one more step to be taken. We have to demand that the campaigns address real issues and inform the public about where the candidates really stand. That's not being done now. What we have are beauty contests in which the candidates are packaged by political media consultants and sold like soap. We don't get to know the candidates or their stands.

The political consultants control the candidates these days just as much as cigar-puffing party bosses. These Madison Avenue-type hired guns decide what the candidates will say and not say. The candidates (for Congress as well as for the Presidency) are primed and programmed by these modern snake-oil salesmen. Instead of using an influential medium like television to inform the voters and clarify the candidates' stances, the advertising mercenaries bombard us with 30-second commercials. The result is that we can be sure of only one thing: a candidate will do once elected president, and that is to pay more attention to the needs of Big Business than to the problems that you and I have to live with. Our corrupted political process makes it damn near impossible for a decent leader to get elected. As Adlai Stevenson once said, "By the time a man wins the nomination, he no longer deserves it."

I firmly believe that to save our democracy we have to demand two things: (1) We have to insist on candidates who are truly responsive to the needs of the people rather than to the needs of big corporate interests; and (2) we need an informed citizenry that refuses to accept the empty rhetoric of Madison Avenue-type campaigns.

I have great faith in the intelligence of the American people even if President Carter doesn't. I think we're all starting to see through this ridiculous charade the major parties play every four years. I for one am not going to put up with it. As I said in a *Publisher's Statement* four years ago, the leaders in America will have to be the people.

Our two-party system is a farce because both parties are beholden to the big corporations and banks that control most of the country's wealth.



LYNDON LaROUCHE

AMERICAN POLITICAL FANATIC

On the surface the soft-spoken candidate addressing 100 members of the La Crosse Rotary Club appeared to be no more formidable than any of the other Presidential hopefuls seeking votes in the Wisconsin primary. Wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a conservative suit, balding Lyndon LaRouche could easily have been mistaken for a college professor or somebody's uncle. But as his 15-minute speech progressed, he seemed to be offering traditional solutions to many troubling American dilemmas.

He stated that nuclear power is the only answer to the continuing energy crunch, despite safety problems like those at Three Mile Island. "More people have died in Ted Kennedy's car than in nuclear-power plants," LaRouche has often noted.

He warned his audience that our military forces must immediately be increased, or we will lose the arms race to Russia. He proposed a free-market economy like that envisioned by the Founding Fathers, liberated from the shackles of government regulations. He suggested that government be totally supportive of Big Business and promote the development of high-technology industries such as computers, telecommunications systems, and satellite transmitters and receivers. By passing this high-tech knowledge on to poor Third World nations to make them self-sufficient, there would be less risk of their defaulting on outstanding U.S. loans.

LaRouche vowed to deal harshly with drug-

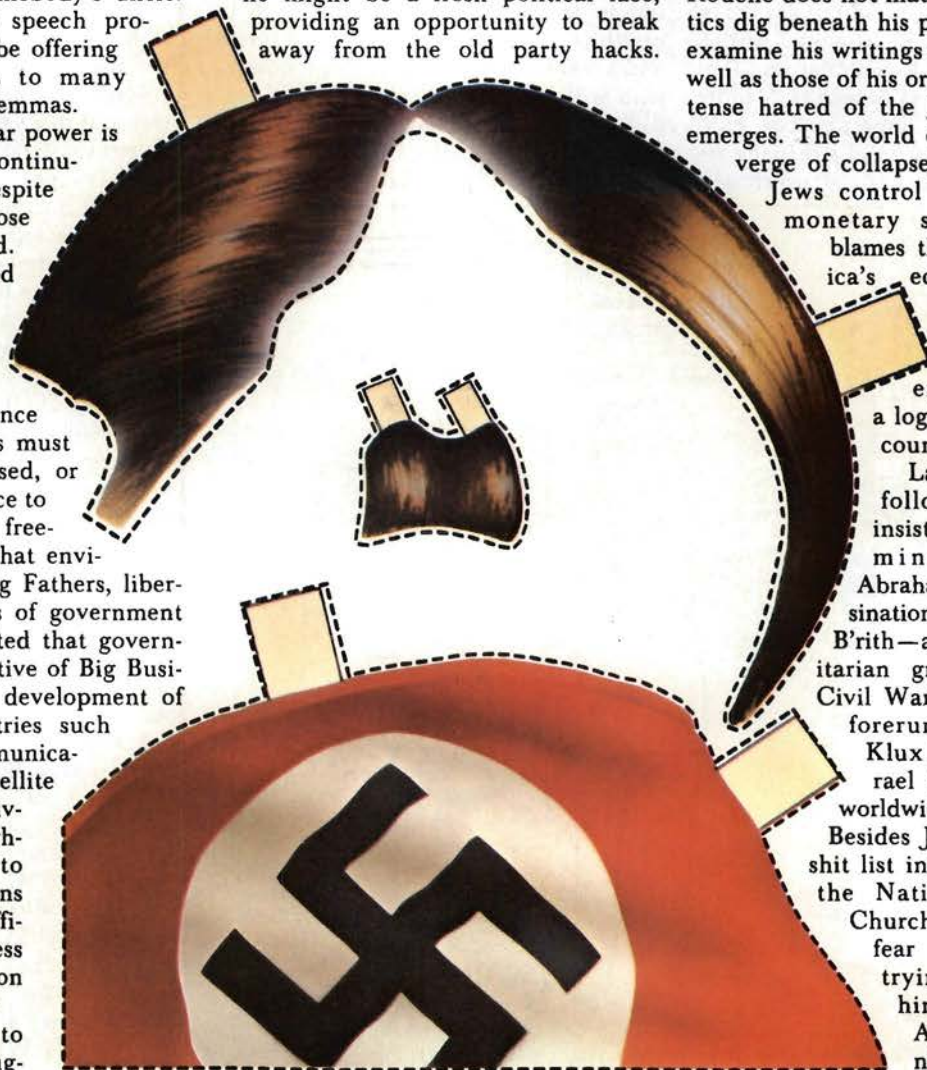
pushers preying on helpless children. And, finally, he said the silent majority—people like those he'd met in Wisconsin, New Hampshire and other primary states—needed to be heard.

The Rotarians stood up and warmly applauded him. Many of them were impressed; he was telling them what they wanted to hear. Others were saying he might be a fresh political face, providing an opportunity to break away from the old party hacks.

But as they watched him walk offstage, none of them realized that LaRouche is actually as cold-blooded a Fascist as American politics has ever produced.

Those who do know what 58-year-old Lyndon Hermyle LaRouche, Jr., and his U.S. Labor Party really stand for compare his ruthless goals and ideals to those of Adolf Hitler. The real LaRouche does not materialize until skeptics dig beneath his public disguise and examine his writings and statements, as well as those of his organization. His intense hatred of the Jews is what first emerges. The world economy is on the verge of collapse, he says, because Jews control the international monetary system. He also blames the Jews for America's economic ills, and calls for the use of the "final solution"—their extermination—as a logical answer to this country's problems.

LaRouche and his followers irrationally insist that Jews masterminded President Abraham Lincoln's assassination; that the B'nai B'rith—a Jewish humanitarian group—started the Civil War and founded the forerunner of the Ku Klux Klan; and that Israel is responsible for worldwide terrorist actions. Besides Jews, his extensive shit list includes Jesuits and the National Council of Churches. He also has a fear that enemies are trying to assassinate him, namely Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, the Carter White



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PROFILE BY MICHAEL CHANCE

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff

House, the British Secret Service, Henry Kissinger and the Order of Malta (a secret society founded in the ninth century). He seriously believes that rock 'n' roll, sex education, environmentalists and antinuclear groups are forces detrimental to America's well-being.

But above all, it is the Jews who LaRouche continues to use as a scapegoat—just as Hitler did. Last year he claimed that greedy Jews, with Kissinger in the lead, forced up the price of oil and pocketed the profits to further Zionist expansion in the Middle East. That hatemongering accusation seems especially deranged when one considers that the OPEC nations that triggered the oil-price spiral in the early 1970s did so with the expressed intent of using some of the resulting profits to arm themselves against Israel.

"Our country and our prosperity are being destroyed by an alien power," he says darkly. That power is the "British." Only after listeners become familiar with LaRouche's twisted reasoning do they realize that he substitutes the word *British* when he really means "Jewish"—to avoid alienating potential donors to his cause. So when he attacks "British efforts to wreck the U.S. dollar and loot the U.S. economy, to sabotage Middle Eastern peace, to ignite global confrontation centered around a British-created war in Africa and to crush the

economies of West Germany and Japan with inflationary-caused depression," he is really attacking the Jews.

LaRouche's diatribes against the Jews—including thinly disguised calls for genocide—are consistent with his defense of Nazi Germany. He insists that those who say Hitler killed 6 million Jews are exaggerating. "A commonplace delusion of the American Zionist," he says, claiming the death figure is more like "only" a million.

No wonder that many of his critics denounce him as potentially the most dangerous demagogue of our generation. Some describe him as a left-wing Communist. Others say he is a right-wing fanatic. But regardless of the label applied, LaRouche cannot simply be dismissed as just another crazy person running for office. Rather, he is the founder (some say the dictator) of the best-organized group of political extremists since Alabama Governor George Wallace led the American Independent Party in 1968.

Although far from being a household name, LaRouche already possesses the two ingredients necessary for success in politics—a great deal of money to spend and a large, dedicated group of followers who will do anything to see their candidate elected. His National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC) and its political arm—the U.S. Labor Party—boast

an annual budget of well over \$2 million, with field offices in over 20 cities and a dozen foreign countries.

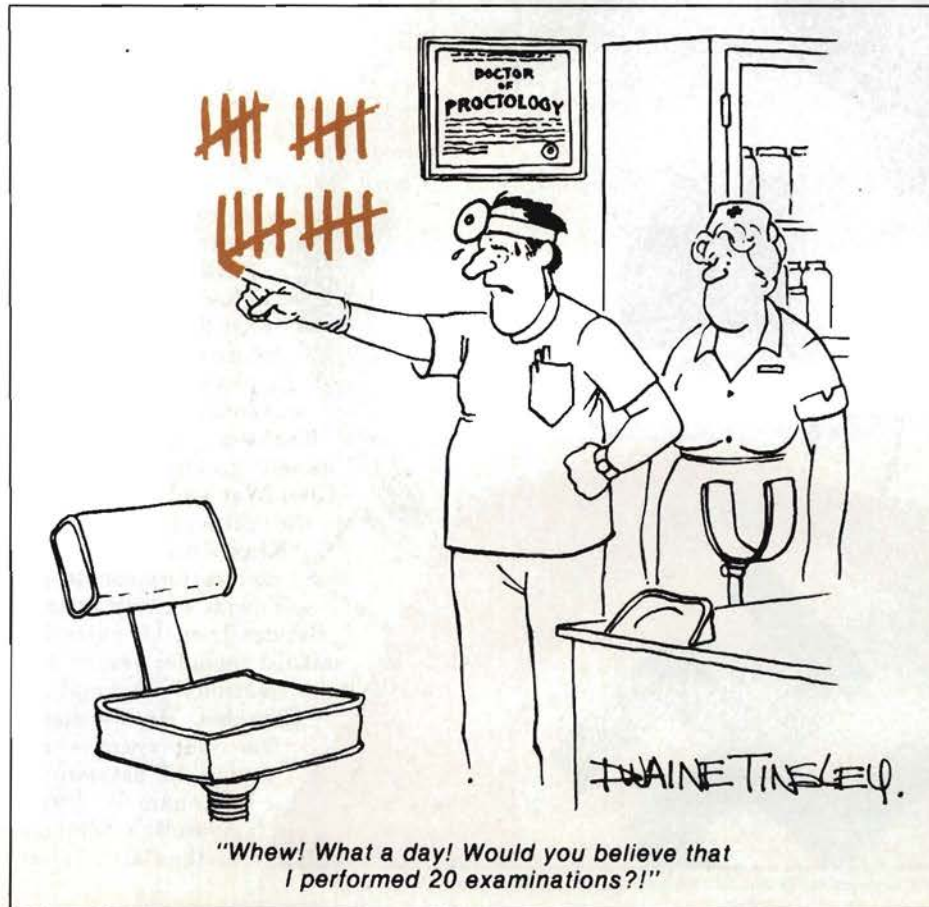
The groups' hard-core members—some call them cultists—are totally devoted to their leader. They willingly contribute their personal possessions for his use and take out personal loans to help finance the organization. Considering the additional support he's gained from groups as diverse as the Black Muslims and the Teamsters Union, LaRouche must be considered a political force to be reckoned with in the years ahead.

He proved that earlier this year by winning more than 177,500 votes in the 15 Presidential primaries he entered as a Democrat. In Connecticut, LaRouche received 1,000 more votes than California's Governor Jerry Brown, placing third behind Senator Ted Kennedy and President Jimmy Carter. In California he picked up 71,772 votes and briefly acquired an archconservative delegate to the Democratic National Convention from Orange County. (Later, citing ballot-box irregularities, the state election board took his delegate away.)

That really mattered little to him; unlike the other candidates, LaRouche couldn't care less about being elected President this year. He was simply using the electoral process for personal publicity—to get name-recognition. His contempt for those who voted for him is best expressed in his past writings, wherein he spoke of "the bestial mass of ignorant sheep which is 99-and-44/100% of the human race." Rather than the Presidency, what LaRouche wants is to be a Hitler-like fuhrer—the leader of the elite other 56/100% of the species.

"We will rule the world! We will rule the world!" he chants along with his followers during private consciousness-raising sessions. But instead of going public with swastikas, snappy salutes, goose-step marching or any of the other eye-catching dramatics that once kept Germany in a trance, LaRouche employs both gentle persuasion and slick public relations to become the first person to ever window-dress Nazism in such a way as to make it attractive to large numbers of average Americans.

Proof of his far-ranging success is the more than \$1.3 million he received this year in campaign contributions—including \$1,094,853 in individual donations. That meant he was able to collect an additional \$526,167 in federal matching funds—the third national candidate to qualify for taxpayers' dollars. His bulging roster of donors reads like a virtual "Who's Who of American Industry"—executives from McDonnell Douglas Aircraft, Texas Instruments,





"Ah, what the hell. There're too many mosquitoes in there anyway!"

Dupont, Ford, ITT and the Yankee Atomic Corporation, as well as Navy and Air Force officers. All of them are woefully ignorant of his true beliefs and the violent methods he would pursue to achieve his ends.

Since 1973, LaRouche's militarylike organization has provoked more than 60 bloody fistfights with its political opponents—principally members of the U.S. Communist Party and the National Welfare Rights Organization. His bully-boy enforcers are known for breaking up meetings by attacking speakers. In 1974, leaders of the National Caucus of Labor Committees were given instruction in explosives and demolitions, small-arms fire and small-unit tactics at a training camp near Argyle, New York.

Paramilitary techniques were perfected at "The Farm," a famed counterterrorist school located near rural Powder Springs, Georgia. All of LaRouche's top lieutenants attended a ten-day, \$2,000 course emphasizing guerrilla tactics, pistol-shooting, the use of shotguns, rifle countersniper activity, the martial arts and other forms of self-defense. Monitoring the group, the FBI learned of the NCLC-Farm connection. In an FBI report obtained by syndicated columnist Jack Anderson the NCLC was described as being an "extremely dangerous and violent" force that, if it ever

decided to create mayhem, could cause "catastrophe."

Many of LaRouche's devotees regularly carry firearms—supposedly to protect their leader. According to Manchester, New Hampshire, police chief Tom King, NCLC campaign workers armed themselves during that state's primary election because of what they called "the environment of assassination in New Hampshire." Back home in New York City, LaRouche is chauffeured around town in a Mercedes followed by escort vehicles that are frequently armed. Twenty-four hours a day, pistol-packing guards stand watch inside his apartment.

Outsiders who have had dealings with the LaRouche forces are struck by several similar characteristics among members of the inner circle, especially their elegant lifestyle. They are almost all between 30 and 40 years of age, bear Greek surnames and come from upper-middle-class backgrounds.

In exchange for turning over all their money and property to the NCLC, top party members are provided with food, clothing and shelter as well as firsthand access to their leader's mesmerizing world view. Sometimes this system has its flaws. In 1975 one LaRouche follower threw a note out of a New York apartment window, claiming that she

was being held against her will. When police investigated, party members said the woman was being "deprogrammed"—a procedure commonly used on members suspected of being brainwashed to participate in assassination plots against LaRouche. Those who listened to a tape of another such session reported that the person being deprogrammed could be heard weeping, vomiting and complaining about lack of sleep and food.

According to NCLC defectors, LaRouche keeps party organizers in line through a combination of intimidation and manipulation. LaRouche worries that the strength of his party is being compromised by sexual excess. Therefore, those who deviate from party ideals or make repeated errors in judgment are accused of having mother complexes or bowel problems and are threatened with having their sex lives restricted.

"I am going to make you organizers by taking your bedrooms away from you," LaRouche declared in a rambling memo to his top aides. "What I shall do is expose you to the cruel fact of your sexual impotence. . . . I will take away from you all hope that you can flee the terrors of politics to the safety of a personal life."

Once, LaRouche even ordered a high-ranking officer to stop sleeping with his wife—contending it was making the man "politically impotent."

Perhaps his peculiar preoccupation with the way sexual dysfunction relates to political weakness can be traced to the early 1970s, when first his wife—a psychiatrist—and later a political-activist girlfriend left him for other men. Ever since, he has been paranoid in his thinking, suggesting that women marry men to hurt them and that all women are lesbians. In one of his wilder accusations he charged that the antibooze Woman's Christian Temperance Union was "founded by bands of ax-wielding lesbians."

The LaRouche organization expends enormous energies gathering information to support questionable theories such as these and to propagandize on behalf of its leader. The NCLC's New Solidarity International Press Service allegedly exists to feed LaRouche's opinions to small-town American newspapers; but mainly it serves as a front for intelligence-gathering activities. In NCLC's dozen foreign offices, local publications are scrutinized for economic trends and reports of terrorism that—in the organization's view—might threaten the U.S. The hard data is then transmitted to NCLC's New York office through its foreign headquarters in Wiesbaden,

(continued on page 74)



"I don't know who's the fairest, but you are definitely the grossest!"



DAWN

ANGEL OF THE MORNING

Photography by Matti Klatt



Dawn is a girl who is her most vibrant early in the day. "I'm a morning person," she says. "Men who have difficulty getting up in the morning are not for me." Her bedroom is decorated with colors that suggest the soft, mellow light of sunrise. Naturally, we photographed Dawn, a restaurant hostess, during those early golden hours. Candidly, she says her desire for sexual adventure peaks around mid-morning. "I see no reason to hide sex in the dark," she says.







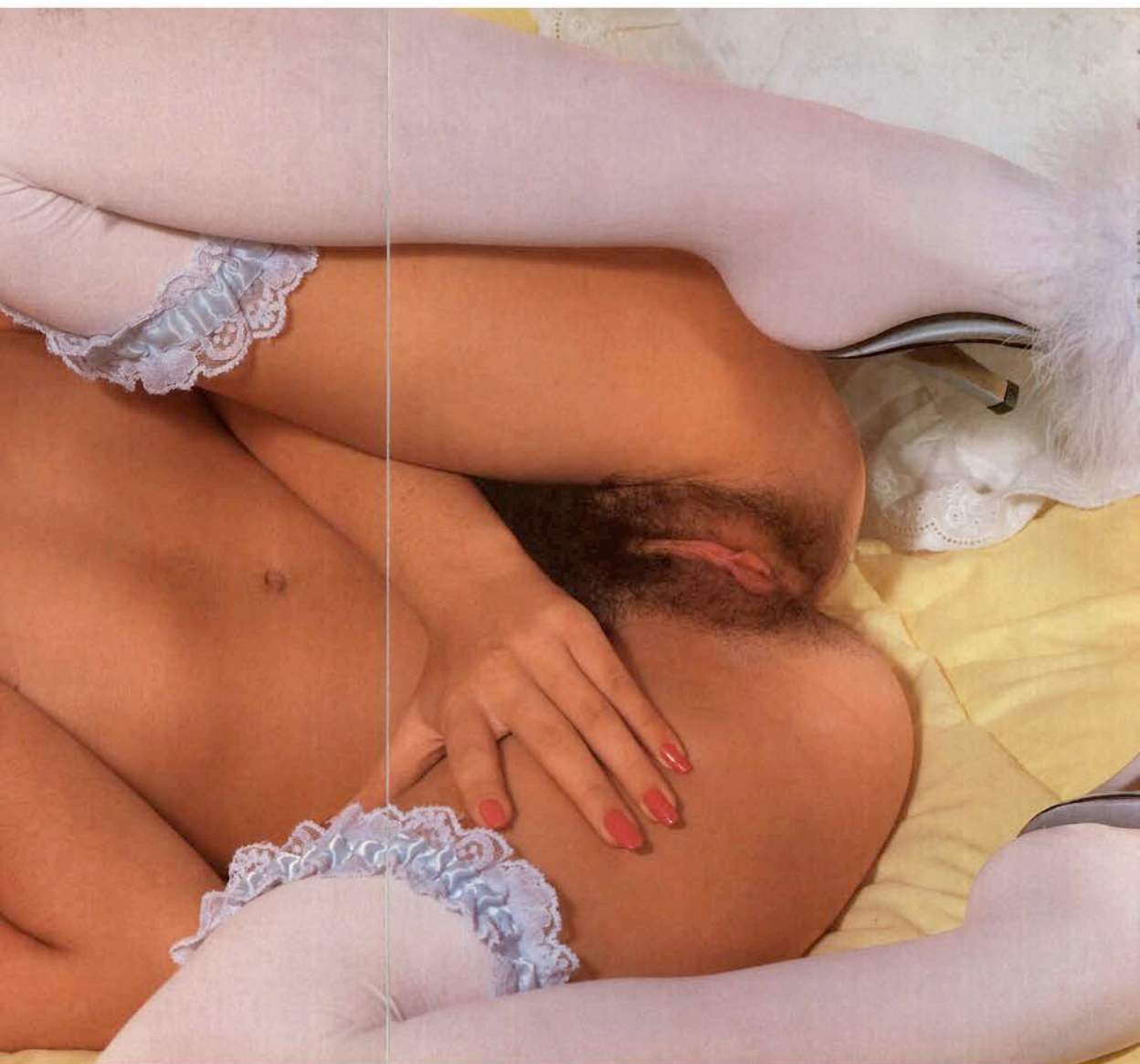








HUSTLER'S HONEY • NOVEMBER 1980





Christ was hanging on the cross when he yelled out, "John! John!" From amidst the crowd John came out and bolted toward the cross. A Roman soldier saw him and, with one swipe of his sword, cut off the man's legs.

A few minutes later Christ cried out again, "John! John!"

John, using only his arms, pulled himself toward the cross. Another soldier saw him and, with two swipes of his sword, cut off both of John's arms and threw him back into the crowd.

Five minutes later Christ screamed out once more, "John! John!"

Again from the crowd came John, this time using his chin to pull himself toward Jesus. Finally he made his way to the base of the cross and gasped, "Here I am, my Lord! What is it you want of me?"

Christ looked down at him and said, "John, John—from up here I can see your house!"

The captain and some of his crew were returning to their ship after a night on the town. As they were climbing the ladder, the captain suddenly threw up all over himself. Pointing to the man above him on the ladder, he yelled, "Give that man five days in the brig for throwing up on me!"

The next day the captain found that the man had been given *ten* days in the brig, and he asked why. "Well, sir," said the chief petty officer. "When we got you undressed, we found that he'd shit in your pants too!"

A hooker asked one of her regular customers, "Jack, you've been in prison, haven't you?"

He confessed, "Yes, but what tipped you off? Is it because I like to have sex from the rear?"

She replied, "Partly that and partly something you do without thinking. Whenever we finish, you run around in front of me, bend over and say, 'Your turn.'"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *futility* as: trying to find the bubble gum you lost on the floor of a chicken coop.

A man asked his friend why he looked so sad. "Two days ago my aunt died," the friend told him, "and left me \$500,000. Yesterday my uncle passed away and left me \$200,000."

"That's fantastic," the first man said. "How come you're so sad?"

"Because none of my relatives died today."

A young Catholic girl was making her confession: "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I masturbated my boyfriend last night." The priest told her to repeat six "Hail Mary's" and six "Our Father's" while washing her hands in the holy-water basin.

She was almost finished washing her hands when her girlfriend approached the basin. "What are you doing?" the friend asked.

"I jerked off my boyfriend last night, and this is my absolution," the young girl said.

"Don't get the holy water too dirty," her friend beseeched. "I'll probably have to *gargle* with it!"

Down on the Bowery a wino told his drinking buddy, "I'll never forget the first time I turned to drink as a substitute for women."

"Yeah? What happened?" his friend inquired.

"I got my dick stuck in the neck of the bottle," the wino answered.

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines a *feminine deodorant spray* as: around-the-cock protection.

An airplane was flying high over the Rockies, but the pilot was having difficulty maintaining altitude. There were four passengers on board: the pilot, a professor, a senator and a Negro. The pilot turned to the passengers and said, "Sorry, fellas, but one of you guys is going to have to jump out to save the rest of us. I can't bail out because I have to fly the plane. So I'll ask each of you a question, and the first one to give a wrong answer will have to jump. Agreed?"

"Agreed," they all replied, hesitantly.

The pilot asked the professor the first ques-

tion: "What was the greatest maritime disaster in history?"

"The sinking of the *Titanic*."

"Very good, Professor," said the pilot. Then he turned to the senator. "And how many people drowned when the *Titanic* went down?"

"Oh, I think 1,500," the senator guessed. "Am I right?"

"Yes, you are," said the pilot. Then he turned to the Negro: "Okay—name them."

HUSTLER HUMOR

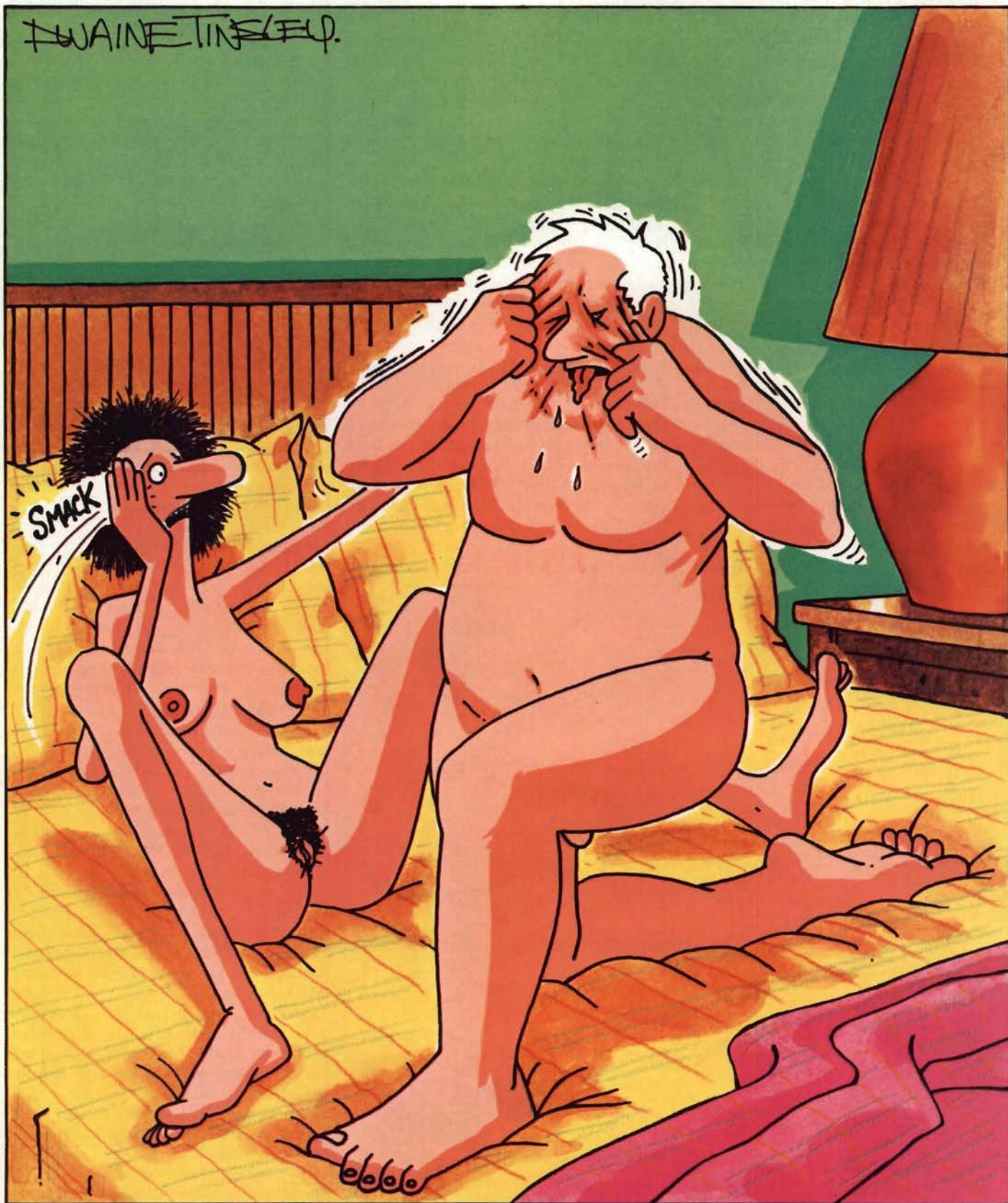


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CHESTER & HESTER

WAINETINSKY.



"Uh-oh! I think I put too much vinegar in my douche!"

PROFILE: LYNDON LaROUCHE

(continued from page 60)

West Germany, where his German wife spends half the year. LaRouche uses much of this expertise to keep tabs on imagined or potential enemies.

Several years ago the U.S. Labor Party claimed it had assembled dossiers on 10,000 "dangerous individuals," ranging from singer Tiny Tim—a threat because he was a hippie—to the entire staff of the *New York Times*. Today its files have thickened to the point that a "computer intelligence unit" works full-time checking out sources of peril. The organization is so paranoid that if a stranger telephones or walks into any NCLC office, he is told that nobody present can help him, but that someone will call him back. Meanwhile, his name is run through the computer to make certain he's not a spy from a rival group.

All the information gathered by the NCLC is mainly intended to support LaRouche's pet conspiracy theories: the menace posed to civilization by the "British" monarchy—that is to say, the Jews—and the holocaust they are reportedly planning for the planet Earth. The publishing arm of the NCLC issues a barrage of periodicals brimming over with LaRouche's frenzied warnings.

Among these publications are the bi-weekly tabloid newspaper *New Solidar-*

ity, the group's chief propaganda vehicle; two monthly magazines, *Campaigner* and *Fusion*; and the *Executive Intelligence Review*, a weekly magazine that purports to offer corporate-insider information for a hefty price tag of \$400 a year. But those foolish enough to ante up \$400 find that all they get for their money are LaRouche's conspiracy theories applied indiscriminately to various national and corporate economies.

The NCLC's publishing division occasionally issues books like *Dope, Inc.*, which describes a Jewish plot behind the international drug trade, and *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, which blames the Zionists—of all people—for creating the hippie movement. It also released LaRouche's now-out-of-print autobiography, *The Power of Reason*, in which the author immodestly states that at the age of 36 he realized the need to "take history personally into my own hands in a significant way."

Because of his secretive nature, only sketchy information is available about LaRouche's formative years. Born to Quaker parents in the conservative town of Rochester, New Hampshire, he later dropped out of Northeastern University in Boston to join his father in a high-volume shoe-sales business. During World War II, LaRouche first refused induction, as a conscientious objector, but finally joined the Army as a medic.

Eventually he worked on Wall Street as a management consultant and as a computer-systems designer. His knowledge of computers has been a key to the efficiency and cohesiveness of the NCLC.

LaRouche's political awareness began at the age of 25, when he joined the Socialist Workers Party (a spinoff of the U.S. Communist Party). In the mid-'60s he switched to the Students for a Democratic Society—a radical group that became infamous for its bombings on college and university campuses. Then, in 1968, he led a splinter group of disenchanted SDS members that eventually became the NCLC—thus beginning his political shift to the right.

He launched Operation Mop-Up, a terrorist campaign wherein members of his group physically attacked rival leftist organizations in order to establish their superiority. Hitler used much the same strategy when he was coming to power in Germany.

Today LaRouche prefers to conceal this controversial aspect of his organization. He doesn't want to jeopardize relationships with major American corporations that pour money into his campaigns through donations and covert business dealings with the NCLC. LaRouche's hidden connections to numerous industrial giants were only recently revealed by investigative journalist Dennis King, writing in the New York newspaper *Our Town*. According to King, such clients as AT&T, Mobil Oil, Colgate-Palmolive and Bristol-Meyers do business with Computron Technologies Corporation, a leading computer-systems software business operated under the guidance of LaRouche.

By downplaying his extremist views and telling easily deceived groups what they want to hear, LaRouche has also managed to form open alliances with several other true-blue American organizations. The International Free and Accepted Modern Masons, for one, has joined with him in what he calls his Anti-Drug Coalition. This connection is not trivial. The Masons have a membership of 350,000, and own major Detroit radio and TV stations that have carried the LaRouche message into countless Michigan homes.

Even more important is LaRouche's relationship with the nearly 2.2 million members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. He first gained the attention of that union's leaders with two pamphlets: *The Plot to Destroy the Teamsters* and *The Deregulation Hoax: The Conspiracy to Destroy the Trucking Industry and the Teamsters*. The villains in these tracts were familiar LaRouche whipping boys: The British (meaning

(continued on page 128)



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REAL GIRLS
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Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER

PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU



You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get **PERSONAL**
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE
↓



Collins

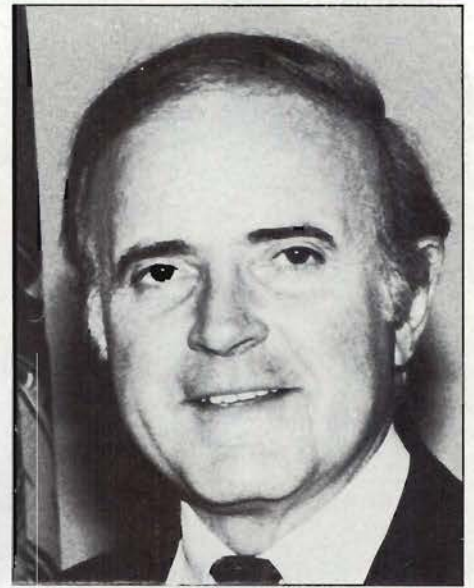
AMERICA'S CONGRESS



Howard W. Cannon, D-Nevada



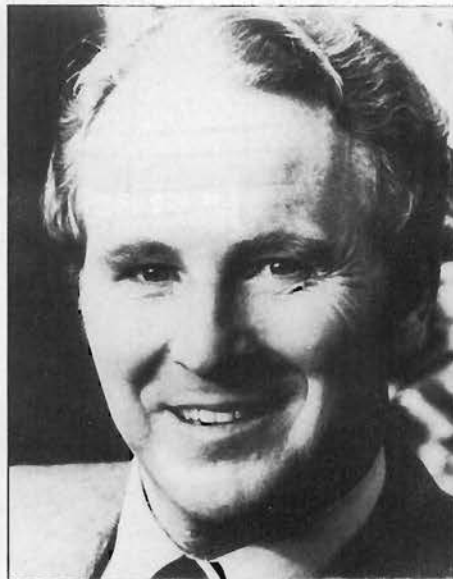
Jamie L. Whitten, D-Mississippi



John M. Murphy, D-New York



Tom Bevill, D-Alabama



Robert K. Dornan, R-California



S. I. Hayakawa, R-California

10 WORST MEN

REPORT BY CALVIN ZON

They say that the 535 men and women in Congress belong to the nation's most exclusive club. One hundred of them are senators, two from each state. The remainder are members of the House of Representatives. At the Democratic and Republican national conventions this summer, all you had to do was hear their speeches to realize that far too many of them are out of touch with their constituents. They spoke in the hackneyed language and tired platitudes typical of American politics, rather than talking directly to the people. No wonder that a

goodly number of them turn out to be less impressive on the floor of Congress than they were on the campaign trail. Too many of them have spotty attendance records, engage in questionable wheeling and dealing, squander taxpayers' money and even—in far more instances than one might suspect—flagrantly violate the law. Although not strictly illegal, the misdeeds and transgressions of 10 legislators—The Terrible 10—are detailed below. They may represent an obnoxious extreme, but undoubtedly they have plenty of company in the Senate and the House—waiting in the wings.



Steven D. Symms, R-Idaho



Samuel L. Devine, R-Ohio



Russell B. Long, D-Louisiana



Jesse A. Helms, R-North Carolina

Senator Howard W. Cannon Democrat-Nevada

As one of the senior members of the Senate and as chairman of the Senate Commerce Subcommittee, Howard Cannon has unwisely used his power to appease a raft of special interests and also to fatten his own wallet. The 68-year-old senator from Las Vegas is currently the subject of an FBI investigation to determine whether his attempt to acquire an interest in Nevada land owned by a Teamsters Union pension fund swayed his efforts to weaken trucking-industry deregulation legislation. After the investigation was disclosed in the media, Cannon quickly softened his position toward the price-fixing structure that was costing consumers \$2 billion a year in higher prices.

Cannon again found himself in the hot seat when he lobbied loud and long for locating the proposed MX-missile defense system near Tonopah in central Nevada. (The controversial \$33-billion MX project involves a network of intercontinental-ballistic-missile launchers connected by underground roads.) Cannon turned out to be a shareholder in a privately held corporation that owns the

Mizpah hotel-casino in Tonopah, with stock valued at nearly \$500,000. The Mizpah gaming tables would undoubtedly get heavy play from MX construction workers and military personnel who would flock to the area.

In another conflict of interest, Cannon and his staff lobbied the Federal Highway Administration in 1975 to secure federal approval of an Interstate highway serving Las Vegas. Cannon failed to disclose that he was a part owner of land in an area where an interchange is planned on the highway, land whose value was enhanced considerably when the project was approved.

Most recently he has tried to stymie Federal Trade Commission efforts to protect the consumer against abuses of used-car dealers and the \$150-billion-a-year insurance industry. After the FTC conducted a preliminary study last year on insurance companies' reluctance to reveal actual policy costs and benefit payments, Cannon rushed to the industry's rescue.

Manipulating the Commerce Committee, he was able to deny the FTC authority to conduct additional industry analyses. Returning the favor, the National Association of Independent Insurers paid Cannon \$2,000 to give a speech in Atlanta, Georgia, along with free round-trip air travel from Washington, D.C., for himself and his wife.

Congressman Jamie L. Whitten Democrat-Mississippi

First elected shortly before Pearl Harbor was attacked in 1941, Jamie Whitten is a 70-year-old relic whose career is a perfect illustration of how a congressman—no matter how reactionary or incompetent—can rise to a commanding position of power and influence through the hallowed Congressional seniority system.

The iron-willed legislator has been chairman of the Agriculture Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee for 29 years. He funnels huge financial subsidies to already-rich cotton farmers, many of whom live in his rural Mississippi district. For many years he attacked the federal food-stamp program for the poor, even more of whom live in his district. Such policies inevitably further the growth of corporate agriculture and the decline of the traditional family farm.

In a flagrant abuse of power, between 1965 and 1971 Whitten pressured the Agriculture Department to spend millions of tax dollars to eradicate the stubborn fire ant with the pesticide Mirex. He blatantly ignored studies showing that eradication was not feasible and that Mirex was a carcinogen. No wonder: The company that manufactured Mirex (which has since been banned) was located in Whitten's home district.

Environmental Action, which placed

Whitten high on its 1978 Dirty Dozen listing of those members of Congress most insensitive to environmental needs, called him "almost a caricature of an anti-environmentalist. His endorsement of pesticides bears an almost religious zeal." In a lame attempt to refute the devastating pesticide dangers cited in Rachel Carson's best-selling book, *Silent Spring*, Whitten wrote a book of his own—*That We May Live*. But when it was published in 1966, he didn't have the guts to reveal who paid him to write it: the pesticide industry.

During the Lyndon Johnson administration's 1967 War on Poverty, Whitten discovered that a national hunger survey sponsored by the Agriculture Department was to include his home state. Fearing it might find his constituents were starving, Whitten threw his muscle around as only a veteran congressman can. The Agriculture Department excluded his state from the survey.

Following a network TV documentary on hunger in 1968, Whitten had the audacity to send FBI agents to interrogate poor people in his district who had spoken to newsmen. Supposedly, he wanted to find out if they were really hungry. Whitten's true aim was to scare the shit out of those foolish enough to complain about life on the old plantation—an utter violation of their First Amendment rights.

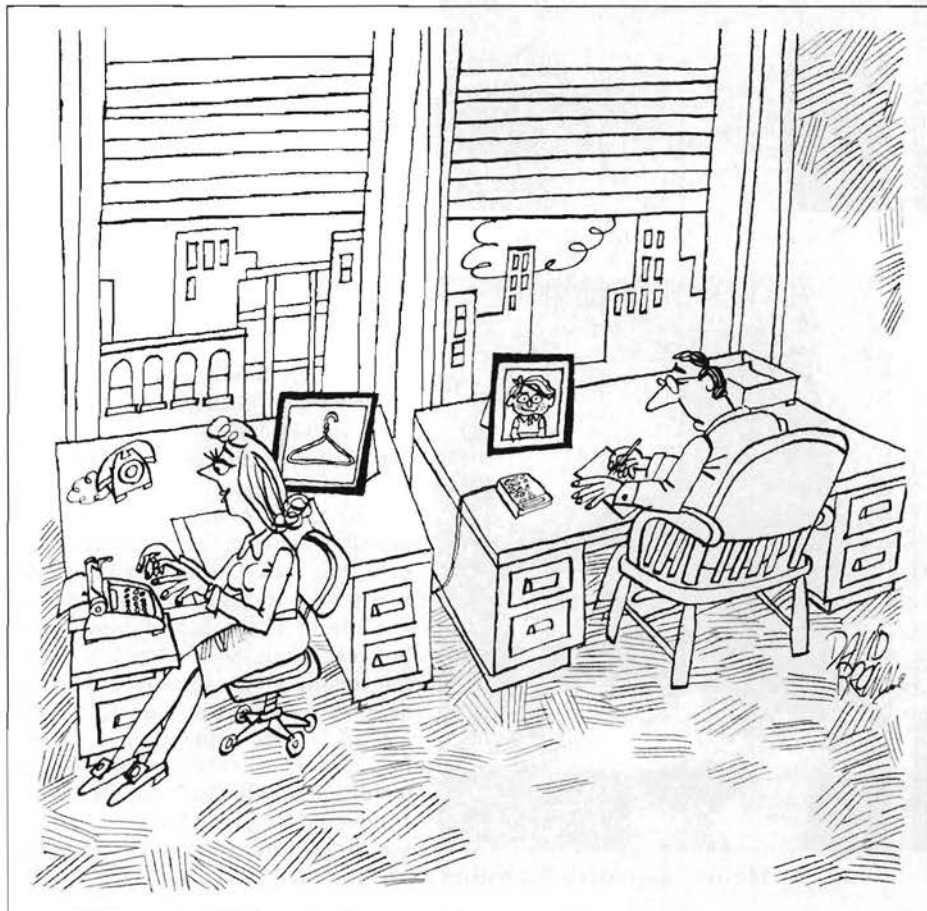
Congressman John M. Murphy Democrat-New York

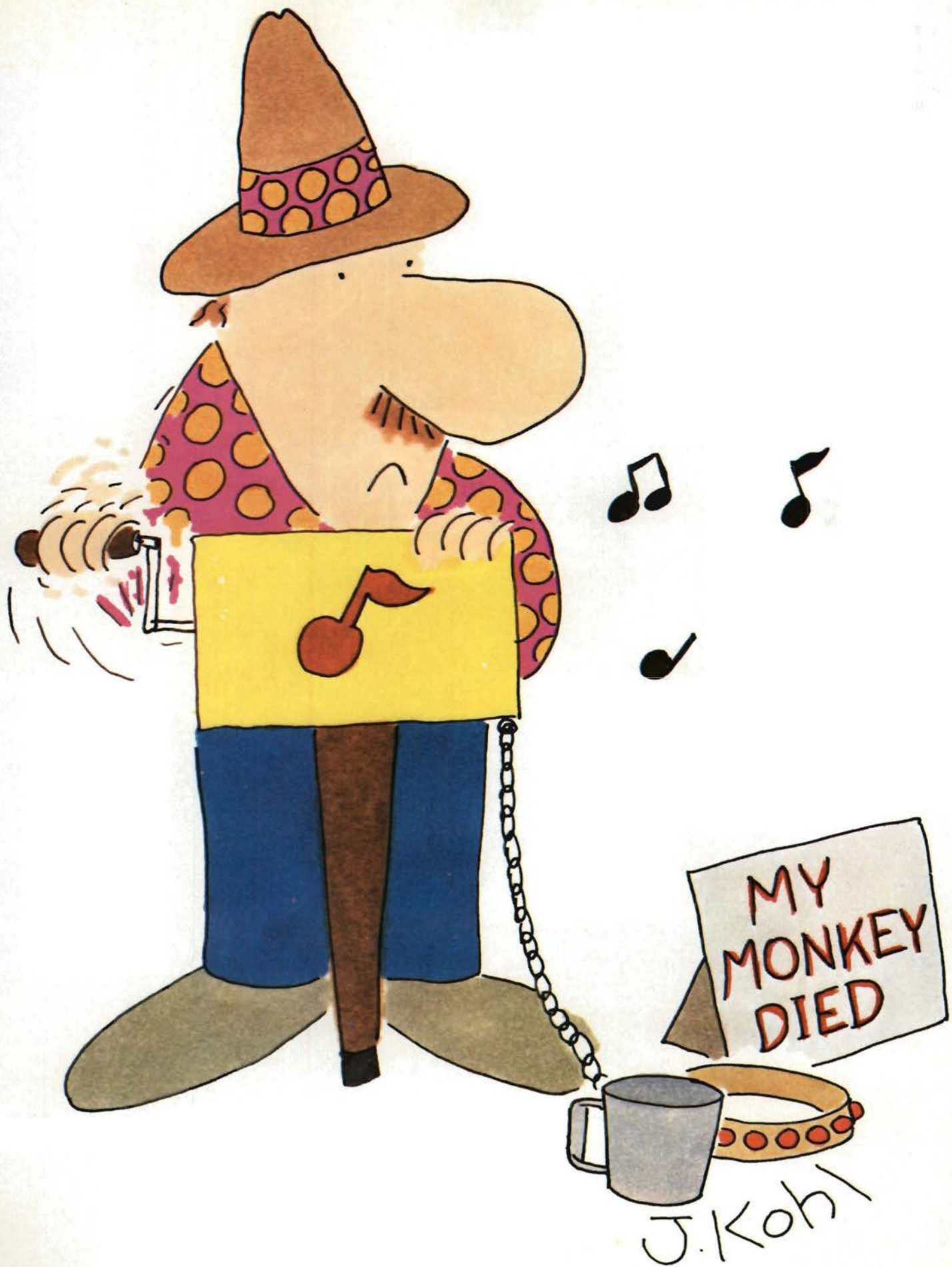
"Almost every variety of vice, almost every sample of sleaze that might serve to illustrate the axiom 'power corrupts' can be glimpsed in John Murphy's 17 years in Congress," wrote columnist Jack Newfield in the *Village Voice* last year. "What makes Murphy unique is that he has sold parts of himself to so many different privileged interests, and foreign interests, that provide no nourishment or benefit to his own district."

The senior member of New York's Congressional delegation, Murphy is among the eight legislators implicated in the FBI's Abscam investigation involving charges of bribe-taking in exchange for introducing legislation favoring Arab businessmen. Like all the others, he stoutly maintains his innocence. Yet long before Abscam, federal investigators probed Murphy's influence-peddling on behalf of two brutal ex-dictators—the late Shah of Iran and Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua.

His meetings with officials of the Interstate Commerce Commission on behalf of alleged Mafia figure Thomas Gambino and Gambino's trucking firm were also investigated, along with alle-

(continued on page 88)







*Stud
Service*



Hers is a world of fine arts, proper tastes, studied elegance. But inside, beneath her grand manner, she craves the crude pleasures of raw sexuality. To be a whole woman, she needs the primitive prowess of her servant. Sensing her desire, he responds to her call. Her white, pampered thighs quiver as she is overpowered by his hard masculinity. Overcome by passion, she wants nothing more than to be possessed by this rock-like force. In the full service of his duty, he pierces the veneer of her sophistication.

Photography by James Baes













10 WORST CONGRESSMEN

(continued from page 78)

gations of unreported income and tax evasion. Furthermore, the House Standards Committee investigated Murphy during its 1977-78 probe of South Korean influence-peddling. The Standards Committee now is looking into allegations that Murphy took bribes in exchange for introducing immigration legislation affecting foreign individuals.

In 1975 Murphy had the worst attendance record of any congressman from New York. His attendance record in other years has also been poor. In June 1978 he was the only New York City congressman absent when the House voted on \$2 billion in relief for that troubled city. At the time, he was in Athens, Greece, giving a paid speech, on a trip financed by a special-interest shipping publication, *Sea Trade* magazine.

If nothing else, Murphy has learned how to apply the well-known political axiom, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." Soon after becoming chairman of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, he helped procure more unnecessary subsidies to the heavily underwritten maritime industry. In 1978, maritime companies and unions contributed \$50,000 to Murphy's reelection campaign.

Also in 1975, Murphy went on five overseas junkets at taxpayer expense, more than any other congressman that year. While on a six-day junket to a Paris air show, he displayed little concern about missing key committee votes on legislation he was sponsoring.

Last June he again left Washington—this time flying on a secret trip to Nicaragua, where the murderous dictatorship of his former West Point classmate, the hated Somoza, was in a state of collapse. The U.S. Ambassador to Nicaragua, arriving at Somoza's guarded bunker to seek his resignation and exile, became enraged when he found Murphy giving Somoza advice on how to make arrangements for fleeing the country.

Congressman Steven D. Symms Republican-Idaho

Steven Symms is an Idaho apple-grower who won his seat in Congress in the Nixon landslide year of 1972 with campaign pictures of a half-eaten apple attached to a slogan reading, "Taking a bite out of government." But his short-sighted legislative efforts have been aimed more at taking a bite out of Idaho and other Western states by giving away precious wilderness areas to developers and timber and mining interests.

The *Idaho Statesman* put it this way: "Symms tends to favor development of

any kind so long as someone can make a buck. Idahoans who want to maintain environmental quality, fish and game populations, and conserve resources aren't being represented by Symms. On the other hand, Symms is outstanding in representing industries that want pollution controls rolled back or abandoned, mining companies that want little or no regulation of strip-mining, timber companies that want to log wilderness areas and utilities eager to flood spectacular rivers with dams."

The *Statesman* also scolded Symms for his recent "Multiple Use Land Management" bill, which would open up almost all of Idaho's wildlands to development, despite overwhelming public testimony against the bill by his constituents. "When Symms ran for Congress the first time in 1972, he said that Hells Canyon should be spared from further dams," the newspaper observed. "Once in office, he quickly abandoned such ideas."

While arguing on the House floor that Hells Canyon should be sacrificed to produce electric power, the congressman was simultaneously voting against legislation to encourage conservation of power and solar energy. His House Committee memberships have helped him serve on a national scale the greedy special interests—chiefly timber and mining companies—that contribute faithfully to his reelection campaigns. Example: He was an outspoken opponent of legislation that would have prevented strip-miners from raping public lands in Montana and Wyoming.

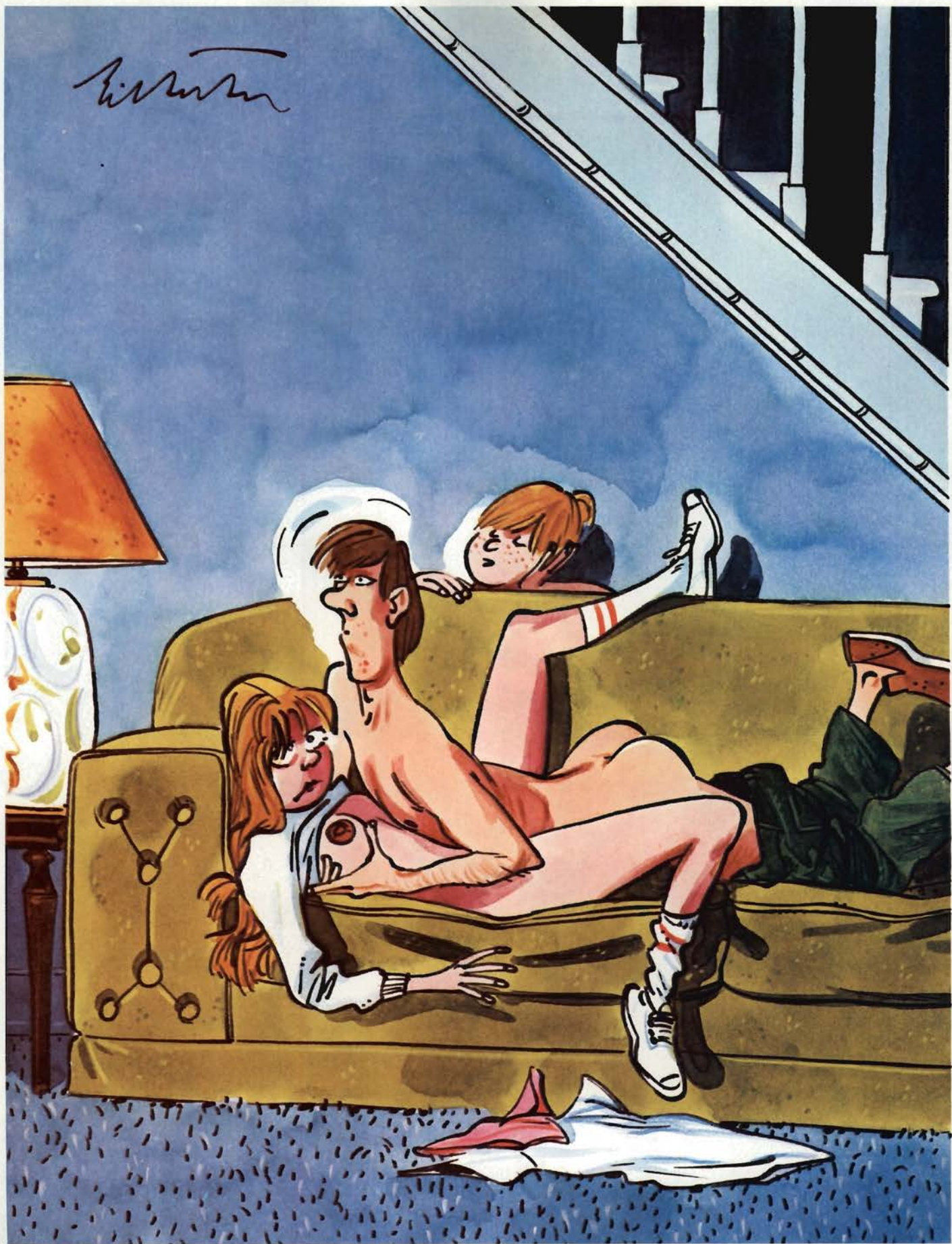
Symms finally got his comeuppance when an obvious grandstand play backfired during his 1972 campaign rallies. To demonstrate his opposition to poorly paid Mexican-American farm workers who refused to pick lettuce without a union contract, he passed out free salads to all comers. Shortly thereafter it was revealed that the Symms Fruit Ranch—a family apple enterprise partly owned by the congressman—was similarly exploiting illegal Mexican aliens, paying them substandard wages to pick the trees. The red-faced Symms quickly dumped his remaining salads.

Congressman Samuel L. Devine Republican-Ohio

Some might say the nothing city of Columbus, Ohio, deserves a do-nothing congressman like Samuel Devine. Sure, the tall, silver-haired former FBI agent looks like a congressman should. But he has done little to distinguish himself in that capacity during his more than two decades on Capitol Hill. "The problem with Devine is not one of form but of substance," the *Columbus Citizen-Journal*

(continued on page 119)





"She really likes it if you stick a finger up her ass."



TRILBY

TRILBY

TRILBY'S THE ONE

ELECT
HUGH TRILBY

HUGH

TRILBY

NEW



THE IMAGE- MAKER

The advance men had done their work well. The posh dining room of the Eastgate Hotel in San Diego was packed with local bankers and real-estate developers in tuxedos, with their wives in designer dresses and jewelry. Television cameras were placed strategically around the room. Behind the stage, massive banners proclaimed, HUGH TRILBY'S THE ONE! and TRILBY FOR GOVERNOR!

The camera crews' lights were trained on a tall, middle-aged man grasping the podium. The speaker's eyes were piercing, his jaw was straight, and his gray hair was cut as carefully as his tailored clothes. He held the rapt attention of the diners, who had paid \$500 a plate to eat mediocre roast beef and hear their hero speak.

"We all know why we're here tonight," California's Lieutenant Governor Hugh Trilby said in measured tones. "We're here because we're tired of waste in state government!" There was a round of applause. "We're here to elect an administration that's responsible to you and me—the people who pay for it!" More applause, stronger this time. "We're here to tell the petty bureaucrats and the pork-barrel politicians up in Sacramento that this is where the gravy train stops!" This time the applause became deafening.

Two onlookers with more than a passing interest in the proceedings stood near one of the exits. The woman was breathtaking, a tall redhead who looked about ten years younger than her companion. It was a tossup as to which of

her features was the most striking: the flaming hair, the flashing green eyes or the full breasts that were acutely visible even through the lines of her well-cut Calvin Klein suit.

The man beside her was stocky, compact, in his late 30s. His brow was furrowed, his eyes worried.

The redhead turned to him and said, "Okay, Marty, what's the matter? Something's been eating you all night."

"I can't help thinking of the speech he made to the Welfare Mothers Association this morning," replied Martin Ryle, Trilby's chief of staff. "He promised them a decent standard of living and expanded social services. It's going to be tough to keep his word if he carries through with the across-the-board tax cuts he just promised here. Where's the money going to come from?"

Donna Scharlatt, Trilby's press secretary and media adviser, gave Ryle an irritated look. "Suppose you let the candidate and his policy people worry about that," she said.

"I'm afraid he'll *have* to worry about it when the press challenges his conflicting statements," Ryle countered. "I remember how forthright and uncompromising Hugh Trilby was when I first went to work for him seven years ago. That guy up at the podium, with his mishmash of impossible campaign promises, doesn't sound much like the guy I knew back then."

"Yes," the redhead hissed, "and *that* Hugh Trilby was an obscure assemblyman from Nowheresville. *This* Hugh Trilby is the man I've been mothering

FICTION BY BEN PESTA

Illustration by Mick McGinty

like an only child—the one who's going to be California's next governor!"

Shortly before midnight the candidate sat in his hotel room, listening to the drone of Donna's voice. "Wake up, 6 a.m. . . . 7 a.m., be at the gate of National Steel in San Diego to shake hands with arriving workers . . . 8 a.m., leave for breakfast meeting with reporters in La Jolla. . . ."

As Trilby heard the next day's grueling campaign schedule read to him, he felt the weight of all his 44 years. Only 14 years before, he'd been a young district attorney in his hometown, an ex-Marine lieutenant with an outstanding combat record. A few years later his local party organization had put him up to run as a sacrificial lamb in an assembly district that was considered "safe" for the opposition. No one's surprise had been greater than his own when the indictment of his opponent in a kickback scandal resulted in Trilby's election.

" . . . 11 a.m., fly to Anaheim for a luncheon meeting and press conference . . . 2 p.m., address a teachers' union meeting in Santa Ana . . . 3:30 p.m., drive to L.A., check into Beverly Plaza Hotel, change clothes. . . ."

After a few years of solid if unspectacular work in the state legislature, Trilby's name had hit the papers when

he cosponsored a controversial environmental bill. The measure had been opposed by a big-money coalition of utilities and realtors. It had finally squeaked through both legislative chambers, and the furor over its passage made Trilby well-known throughout California. Four years ago the incumbent governor had asked him to run in the number-two spot on the party's ticket. Earlier this year, after two terms in office, the governor had decided to run for the U.S. Senate. A Presidential aspirant, he'd been pleased to suggest Trilby as his party's candidate to succeed him.

" . . . 7:30 p.m., fund-raiser at the Beverly Plaza . . . 10:30 p.m., back to your room, where you can get some sleep—if you're lucky."

Trilby looked up from his easy chair and smiled wearily as his attractive press secretary finished reading his itinerary. The lieutenant governor's tie was loose; his collar was open; his formal waistcoat was unbuttoned. His coat hung on the back of a vacant chair.

"Hugh, did you hear what I've been saying?" Donna stared at him intently. Her blouse was opened provocatively, and he could see her ample chest rise and fall with each breath.

"Yes, I was listening," the candidate sighed. "Forgive me. I'm tired, and I

guess I was in the middle of one of my spells of wondering if it's all worth it."

Donna's eyes flared. "I don't understand, darling," she said anxiously. "This is what you've worked for since you entered politics—the chance to do something for *all* the people of California . . . not just the ones in your home district."

Trilby sighed again. "I'm just not sure I like what it's turning me into, Donna," he said. "All of a sudden I'm giving four or five speeches a day, talking out of both sides of my mouth. I'm meeting lobbyists and special-interest groups I would've avoided a few months ago, and being photographed with my arm around sleazy ward-healers I can't stand. Some of it just doesn't seem right."

His press secretary moistened her lips with her tongue and looked at him across the room. "Don't forget," she said, "that you're a man with a *vision*, Hugh, a vision of what this state should be like, a vision of the good life for all of its people. But before you can make that vision come true, we have to get you elected. That's the job you hired me to do last year, and that's the job I intend to do. After that, we can worry about carrying out your policies."

"Is it me they'll be electing?" Trilby asked of no one in particular. "Or is it just a three-piece suit, a smile and a mouthful of hollow promises?"

"Poor Hugh," Donna said, moving across the room to kneel beside the weary candidate. "Mama knows what her baby needs." She began to massage the front of his pants with one hand, unbuttoning her blouse with the other. She fumbled with the catch at the front of her bra until it fell open and her full breasts tumbled out. They were round and white, and her big nipples stood out like strawberries in front of Trilby's face. She felt his penis stiffen inside his trousers.

The redhead unzipped Trilby's fly. His cock sprang to attention like a buck private in basic training. She began to massage it, gently pulling the foreskin up and down over the head, reaching into his shorts to cup his balls. She watched his cock swell and turn purple, and felt his testicles tighten like plums. And when she judged he was ready, without a word, she pulled him up from the chair and led him toward the bedroom.

Trilby stretched out on the king-size bed, and Donna undressed him expertly. She unbuttoned his shirt studs—her breasts looming tantalizingly over his mouth—then slipped off his shoes and removed his trousers. Her skirt and

(continued on page 100)



"Dammit, Granny! Get your own vibrator!"

HAINE TINSLEY.



"An oil slick! At last—we're nearing civilization!"

A woman with dark, curly hair is lying on a light-colored, textured couch. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a necklace and a bracelet. The background is a solid light pink color.

RITA

Private Interlude



Self-assured and fiercely independent, Rita can sit alone in her favorite chair on any evening and satisfy herself. "I'm not antisocial," she insists. "When I want a man, I get one. But I think it's important for a woman to feel good about herself." During her private interludes she explores her own sensuality, as though to remind herself that what she has to share is really her own. Proudly caressing her body, she delights in her ability to arouse herself. She confidently lets her fingers slide lightly along her sleek legs until they find the soft, moist center of her most intimate feelings. Alone with her private pleasure, Rita feels a lasting satisfaction.









**SHE GOT THE
HOUSE, CAR AND
ALL MY MONEY
— BUT I GOT THE
HUSTLER HUMOR!**



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THE IMAGE-MAKER

(continued from page 92)

blouse came off in seconds, as if this were a routine she'd practiced a thousand times before.

She lay down beside him, perched herself on her elbows and whispered, "My titties hurt, baby. I need you to bite and suck my nipples."

Wordlessly the candidate lifted his head from a pillow, took one of the firm globes in his mouth and began to suck and nibble the erect, red nipple.

"Um-m-m-m, yes, baby," Donna purred. "That's just the way I like it; that makes Mama's titties feel so-o-o nice." She kept massaging Trilby's cock, playing with his balls and caressing his asshole with her well-manicured fingers. The politician sucked away at her swollen breast like a baby, biting her nipple and flicking it with his tongue. She felt his prick grow harder, like congealing concrete, and felt her own juices start to flow between her legs.

"Would baby like to fuck Mama?" she asked teasingly.

Trilby's only response was a muffled groan. His mouth was still busy at her breast.

"All right," she answered. "Mama wants that big cock up her cunt all the way to her tonsils!" Donna swung her shapely leg over the candidate's body and impaled herself on his erect penis. "O-o-oh, yeah," she sighed as the fleshy invader entered her. "I love your big cock, Hugh. I want it up me all the time!" She began raising and lowering herself, slowly at first, then faster, taking all seven inches of throbbing gristle into the heat of her body.

Trilby groaned. He was being engulfed by a grasping, liquid inferno, and he bucked his hips to meet Donna's cunt as it slid over his cock. His lover leaned forward, bracing herself against the mattress with one hand until her lush breasts were in range of his mouth. He reached up and, still silent, again took one into his mouth. He sucked and licked as the other dangled like a ripe melon over his head.

Donna picked up her pace now, sliding up and down on Trilby's greasy pole and snapping one hip outward at the top of each stroke. The effect was to give her cunt a vicious twist as it hit the head of his cock. Trilby worked on one nipple furiously with his mouth, rolling the other between his fingers.

The burning sensation in the woman's breasts seemed to spread downward to her vagina as she hunched on Trilby's cock. "Fuck me, baby," she said lewdly. "It feels so good . . . I can feel your cock slipping in and out of me. Fuck me

good, Hugh . . . Your cock's so hard, feels like . . . like . . ."

The room was filled with the smell of sex. There was a distinct slurping sound as the redhead's hot, wet snatch rode the candidate. Her ass rolled as she snapped her hips at the top of each stroke. She was literally squeezing the fluid out of Trilby, and she knew he couldn't last much longer.

"So hard, baby," she moaned. "So strong, so powerful . . . Love to feel your cock inside me, filling me up, making me hot. . ."

The cum shot out the end of Trilby's prick, filling Donna's cunt like lava. She writhed and made a snarling, catlike sound as she answered him with her own orgasm. Her back arched upward, and she jerked her tit out of the candidate's mouth, coming to a full-upright position as she rode him.

He looked up past her body, up toward her head, her red hair whipping from side to side. The expression on Donna Scharlatt's face was one of ecstasy and triumph.

Around the same time, in another room at the same hotel—a smoke-filled room, in fact—Marty Ryle chewed his cigar and stared worriedly at his scotch. "I tell you, he hasn't been the same man since he hired Scharlatt," he said.

"Come on, Marty," said Jack Austin, Hugh Trilby's campaign manager. "He's 44 years old; he's a widower. Let him have a little fun. Better he should be fucking someone on the staff than sneaking out to some married broad's apartment at night, where a reporter could catch him." Austin was a veteran of the political wars, and he wasn't about to get upset over anything less critical than Watergate.

"Don't tell me you haven't noticed a change," Ryle argued. "And that girl—what do we really know about her? One minute she's doing local news for a Sacramento TV station; the next, Trilby announces he's hired her to run interference for him with the media—without checking with his campaign manager, as I recall."

Austin nodded ruefully. "I remember," he said. "It was a surprise to me too. And I haven't much liked the tone of his campaign statements the last few months either. But you've got to admit, she's done a good job at taking a fairly colorless candidate—we both know Hugh's no Bobby Kennedy—and keeping him in the public eye. Besides, if you really think you can't live with our boy anymore, why haven't you quit?"

Ryle shrugged. "I want to keep the job, I guess. That's part of it. Another part is that I remember what the old



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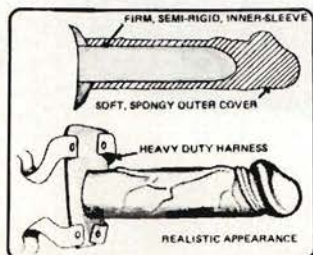
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Hugh Trilby was like. And when he gets elected, I think he'll need at least one guy around who remembers him way back when—someone who can bring him down to earth and remind him what he stands for... If he still stands for anything at all."

"C'mon, Marty. You know what kind of bedfellows politics makes."

"If Donna Scharlatt is the strangest bedfellow we get from now till Election Day," Ryle said, "I'll be happy."

The next few weeks were all uphill, because any campaign is a struggle until the minute the polls close. Leonard Wittgenstein, Trilby's opponent, was a multimillionaire land developer from Orange County, a man with little magnetic charm. He'd hired the prestigious right-wing fund-raising firm of Russell and Moore to keep the dollars rolling in as he blitzed the voters with a barrage of newspaper ads, TV and radio spots and televised half-hour "meet-the-candidate" forums. Wittgenstein had long been a power behind the scenes in his own party, and he was one of the richest men in California.

Hugh Trilby, thanks to Donna Scharlatt's tutoring, was *all* magnetism. He seemed to be everywhere at once, smiling his strong smile, pressing hands with a sturdy grip, promising restrictions on dam-building to the Sierra Club, a boom economy to the State Board of Realtors, higher salaries and better benefits to the municipal-employees' unions, lower taxes and curtailed spending to Citizens Against Waste in Government, a firm stand on civil rights to the NAACP and mandatory prison sentences for second offenders to the Policemen's Benevolent Association. Only a few whining journalists complained that it was impossible to tell what Trilby actually *believed* about anything, and that he was tougher to pin down on the issues than Jimmy Carter.

Meanwhile, Jack Austin hustled local political power-brokers for support, Marty Ryle fretted and fumed and made sure his candidate got where he was supposed to be on time—and Donna Scharlatt basked in her own glory. The media had fixated on the idea that Trilby's vibrant young image-maker was a story in herself, and virtually every paper in California had done a woman-behind-the-man feature on her.

Most televised interviews with the candidate featured at least one shot of Donna, impeccably dressed, her red hair gleaming under the hot lights. The social columns reported where she had lunched, and the political columns reported who she had it with. If a few gossip columns hinted now and then at a

romance between her and the man she had made a dynamic young lieutenant governor, that was all right too. Her new job was infinitely more rewarding and glamorous than being a TV reporter.

As the campaign moved into September, Wittgenstein and Trilby were running neck and neck in the polls. "Dammit, Jack, it worries me," Marty Ryle said to Austin one day, sitting in Trilby's Sacramento campaign headquarters. "Our boy should be way ahead on name recognition alone. All that Wittgenstein's got going for him is big bucks and lots of political muscle."

"Hugh will pull ahead," Austin said sagely. "Wittgenstein's a stiff."

"But every time I turn around, Russell and Moore have raised another million bucks for the guy," Ryle said sourly. "That money's going to count as we head down the homestretch."

"The problem is—" Austin began.

"The problem is that the voters think of Trilby as being wishy-washy!" Ryle exploded. "Look at the latest polls! People may not always *like* where Wittgenstein's coming from, but at least they *know*! Wittgenstein's 42% of the voting sample is solidly behind him; *our* 42% think Trilby's kind of a nice guy without really knowing why. When Wittgenstein pours on the bucks during the last two weeks, the lion's share of that 16% who call themselves Undecided is gonna go to him!"

Austin started to answer, but Ryle had already stalked out of the sparsely furnished office. The temperamental chief of staff had no particular destination in mind. He just wanted to find a quiet place where he could collect his thoughts, maybe work himself up to telling the candidate that the ship of state he was commanding could very easily turn into the *Titanic* if he wasn't careful.

Ryle headed for an office he knew to be vacant. He was about to open the door when he halted for a moment, hearing voices inside.

"I want your cock in my mouth," said a woman's voice he recognized as Donna Scharlatt's.

"I'm gonna fuck your face, baby," answered a male voice. But it was not Hugh Trilby's.

And then, as Ryle stood transfixed, there were no more voices at all. He could hear a sort of *lapping* sound, like a kitten licking at a bowl of cream, along with one or two grunts. He couldn't tell how long it went on. Finally there was a throaty female hum that rose higher and higher into the warm air, punctuated by a low-pitched moan. Then, abruptly, nothing.

Ryle still stood at the door. Soon he heard Donna say, "That was good, honey."

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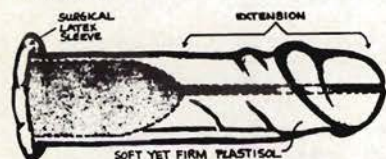
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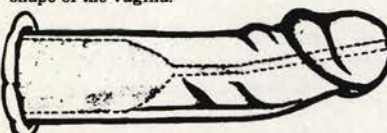
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You know I love the taste of your cum."

There was a deep laugh. "You ought to, baby," the male voice said. "That was the most expensive blowjob I've ever had."

"Don't think of it as just a blowjob," Donna said. "That's much too vulgar. Think of it as... as buying a mouth. The mouth that has the ear of potentially the most powerful man in California and—who knows?—maybe someday soon the most powerful man in the United States."

Ryle walked away from the door, shaken. Who could he turn to? If he went to Trilby, the candidate might accuse him of jealousy over Donna's influence. The redhead would certainly deny everything. Then he would be out in the cold. Ryle had no illusions as to who was more vital to Trilby's campaign—he, with his administrative skills, or Donna, with her big, upturned breasts and hungry mouth. Something had to give.

The next day the campaign again moved south to Los Angeles, for another press conference and another banquet. It was an intimate little gathering on the plane. Back in the tourist section Donna and a couple of secretaries were mixing with 20-odd reporters and several fat-cat campaign contributors. Up front in first class, Austin was briefing Trilby as Ryle sat close by, taking notes.

"Now, Wittgenstein said last night that you couldn't be counted on to make good on your promise of a tax cut," Austin went on. "He offered his own four-point tax-cut program and challenged you to answer with one of your own. The reporters this morning are going to be looking for your response, and I think—"

He was interrupted by a stewardess's voice over the intercom, announcing that the aircraft was now approaching Los Angeles International Airport and requesting all passengers to fasten their seat belts.

Before Austin could resume, Donna joined the trio, looking stunning—as usual—in a green suit. She was accompanied by a thin, dark man of about Trilby's age. "Excuse me, gentlemen," she interjected. "Hugh, I'd like to introduce a friend who's very anxious to meet you: Mr. Bill Quine of Southern California Electric."

The men shook hands quietly. "Governor Trilby, I'm very glad to meet you at last," Quine said.

Ryle nearly reeled from shock. Quine's voice was the same one he'd heard through the office door—the voice of the man Donna Scharlatt had been sucking off.

The conversational niceties went

quickly. "Governor," Quine began. "I know you're a busy man; so I'll get right to the point."

Shit, thought Ryle. *What's coming next?*

"I'd like to offer you my support in this election," Quine continued, "as well as the support of California's largest utility company." Everyone fell silent. "As you know, Southern California Electric has traditionally favored the opposition party. This year the board and I feel that it may be time for a change."

"This is very welcome news, Mr. Quine," Trilby said evenly. "And yet I can't help but feel there may be strings attached."

"Very astute, sir," Quine smiled. "As you know, for the past few years we have wanted to build a nuclear generating station at Las Culebras. By doing so we'd be able to provide cheaper, more-efficient power to millions of people. Until now we've encountered resistance in both the state legislature and the governor's mansion. In return for support of this project, we'd be prepared to support you—with our goodwill, with our endorsement and with the not-inconsiderable funds at our disposal."

Trilby's brow wrinkled. "Mr. Quine, I can't believe you're unfamiliar with my stand on environmental issues," the candidate said. "The proposed site of your reactor rests almost squarely on the San Andreas Fault. The Culebras River drains directly into the Colorado River, the source of water for much of Southern California. An earthquake—even a minor mishap on the order of Three Mile Island—could result in radioactive materials draining into the Colorado Basin, poisoning the water that's drunk by nearly 12 million people."

Trilby paused to let that point sink in. "The winds from Las Culebras carry down toward Los Angeles and San Diego, two of the ten largest cities in the U.S.," he continued, his face reddening. "Even if the amount of radiation released wasn't enough to kill anyone directly, God only knows how many cases of cancer would result 20 or 30 years down the line."

Quine flashed a look toward Donna. No one but Ryle saw the leave-it-to-me glance she returned, and he didn't like it one bit. The aircraft bumped twice as its wheels hit the airport runway.

"Our company is well-acquainted with the hazards of nuclear power," Quine went on, raising his voice as the jet engines were reversed. "We're not looking for an answer to our offer now, you understand." He produced a thick manila envelope from his attache case. "We'd like you to study this information

(continued on page 110)

Beaver Hunt

Everyone's caught up in election fever. But if you've got the hots for more than politics, get out your camera and make your favorite Beaver candidate a winner. HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always a chance your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All

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Photo by Roger



Pattie Henderson is a 23-year-old waitress from Muskegon, Michigan, who enjoys sunbathing in the nude and flashing truck drivers. Her fantasy-come-true is to appear in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*.

Photo by Andy P.



Twenty-four-year-old Cindy P. is a salesclerk from Ontario, California, who likes to sew and water-ski. Her secret fantasy is to star in an X-rated movie with John Holmes.

Photo by Bill



Valerie Bryant is a 21-year-old machinist who works on hot rods in Spring Valley, California. She likes to ride horses and paint, and says her fantasy is "making it with three chicks and my old man."

Twenty-eight-year-old Herbie M., from Oak Park, Illinois, lists her hobbies as listening to music and cooking. Her sexual fantasy is to have sex with two or three guys while her husband Bill shoots photos of the scene.

Photo by H. M.



Photo by Friend



Waverly, Indiana's Teri Anderson is a 23-year-old entertainer who enjoys skating and skiing. Her fantasy is to participate in a three-way lovefest.

Photo by Linda Clayton



Bandit is a carousing Chihuahua from Folsom, California, who enjoys poking the purebreds in his neighborhood and playing with toy poodles.

A 20-year-old housewife from St. Louis, Missouri, Mary Alexander enjoys taking photographs and growing plants. She says she'd like to have sex with five different men in five different positions.



Photo by Mary Alexander

Photo by Friend



Kandi St. James, 34, is a dancer from Mount Clemens, Michigan, whose hobby is fulfilling men's fantasies. She hopes to break her own record of deep-throating 35 cocks in six hours.



Photo by Gary Mitchell



Donna Wiggins, a 31-year-old
change girl from Las Vegas,
Nevada, likes to paint, swim,
read and play 21. Her sexual
fantasy is to make love with her
husband and two other women.



Twenty-year-old Patricia Mitchell
is a waitress from Lake Elsinore,
California, whose hobbies include
horseback riding and teasing guys.
She says she'd "like to strip for a
group of men at a bachelor party."

Photo by M. Deschaux



Carol Jones, 20, is from Darby,
Pennsylvania. Her favorite
pastime is "getting as much
sex as possible," and her fantasy
is to "get it on with a guy and a
young woman at the same time."

Photo by Dennis Wiggins

One for the Ladies

Photo by Debbie G.



Frank George, Jr., is a 26-year-old car salesman from St. Ann, Missouri, who likes playing blackjack and poker. His fantasy—to appear in **HUSTLER**—has come true.

An exotic dancer from Circle Pines, Minnesota, 20-year-old Cathy Johnson enjoys writing poetry and making love. Her fantasy is to be the only girl at an orgy.



Photo by Bruce Owens

Photo by John Wilson



Tina Wilson, a 22-year-old housewife from Henderson, Kentucky, likes to disco dance and ride motorcycles. She says "all my fantasies have been fulfilled; so I'll just take what comes naturally."



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THE IMAGE-MAKER

(continued from page 104)

and consider our point of view."

Before the discussion could go farther, the lieutenant governor's party was being ushered out the front door of the plane. Quine was at Trilby's arm, with Donna a half-step behind. A dozen flashbulbs popped as they emerged into the sunlight.

Great! Ryle thought, spotting the mob of reporters and TV newsmen waiting on the ramp. *The first thing the voters will see in the papers and on the evening news will be Hugh Trilby next to the grinning lobbyist from Southern California Electric.*

That night in Trilby's hotel room, Marty Ryle and Jack Austin finally confronted the candidate about Quine's offer.

"Where did that creep come from, anyway?" Ryle asked heatedly. "How did he get on the plane? Donna's idea, I suppose."

"Marty, calm down," Austin said. "He just came to offer his support, like any other representative of a special-interest group."

"Support, hell!" Ryle snapped. "He wants to buy our campaign in return for permission to build his nuclear pressure cooker along the fault line!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Trilby injected. "I agree that it wasn't a smart move to have him on the plane. I intend to speak to Donna about that later. On the other hand, we have to consider what Quine has to say—and what he's offering."

Ryle seemed startled. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I've gone over the material he gave me on the plane," Trilby said. "Southern California Electric's proposal includes the most elaborate safeguard system of any nuclear generating plant in the U.S. There are provisions for on-site inspections at every step of the construction, as well as for regular safety checks by state inspectors when the plant goes into operation."

"Hugh—" Austin began.

"You can't be serious!" Ryle exclaimed. "Those inspections are worth shit! The inspectors are always bribed or threatened into going along with whatever the power company wants. Structural defects are glossed over or ignored, if they're even reported at all. This stuff has happened all over the country. Why should we believe Southern California Electric is any better than any other utility?"

Trilby scratched his brow. "There's something else you both should know,"

he said. "The envelope Quine gave me contained a note offering the campaign one-and-a-half million dollars in return for my support of the Las Culebras reactor. The money would be paid in cash, in small bills deposited to the campaign's account over a period of time."

The three men fell silent. Ryle's eyes widened.

"Now what effect do you suppose that sum of money could have on the election?" asked Trilby, turning to his campaign manager.

"It could be the difference," Austin acknowledged. "We all know that during the final couple of weeks Wittgenstein will be able to outspend us. That doesn't mean he has more support than we do; it just means he has more rich people behind him. We have to be concerned that more of the Undecideds in the polls will be swayed by the nonstop TV spots Wittgenstein is sure to put on. And the Undecideds are the people who usually swing elections in California."

"There's something else we shouldn't forget," Austin added. "In the usual course of affairs Quine's money would go to the opposition. Our side very rarely gets the big utilities' dollars in state elections."

"I can't believe I'm hearing this!" Ryle exploded.

"Now, Marty," Trilby cautioned. "I'm not saying I'm going to make a deal with Quine. I haven't made any decision yet."

"Haven't made your decision?!" Ryle shouted. "Apart from the fact that a contribution like that would be absolutely illegal—a point no one seems to have raised—let's think about peoples' lives that will be endangered."

"Can you deny that the state needs electrical power?" Trilby asked.

"Of course not!" Ryle snapped. "But do we need nuclear power? Or do we need to develop safer power sources that maybe won't wipe out a few million people, or turn their descendants into mutants? Dammit, Hugh, you've always been against nuclear power because it was too dangerous. Now you're ready to do a flip-flop because some utility's lobbyist waves a million-and-a-half bucks in front of your face."

The chief of staff rose from his chair. "Now that the Trilby campaign has the electric company and Bill Quine in its corner, it sure as hell doesn't need Martin Ryle," he said. With that, he stalked out and slammed the door.

Alone in his hotel room, idly watching images flickering on the TV screen, Trilby spent the next several hours trying to sort things out. On the one hand, he had his own ethics, ideals and ambi-

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tions to contend with. On the other, he had to consider the practical, sometimes-corrupting nature of big-league politics. He'd completely lost track of time when he heard a knock and Donna's voice at his door.

"Come in," he said.

Donna had changed from her business clothes into designer jeans and a tight, stylish blouse that left nothing to the imagination. Her nipples poked teasingly through the blouse's sheer fabric.

"I saw Marty down in the bar," she said. "He almost spit at me. I figured from that that you'd been talking with him about Bill Quine."

"Right," Trilby said coolly.

"So?" she asked. The question was almost a challenge.

"I'd like to know why you brought Quine aboard our plane, Donna," Trilby said. "Why did he first approach my press secretary with his offer, instead of my campaign manager or my legislative administrator?"

"Does it matter?" she pouted. "With Quine's support and his company's money, you've got a ticket to the governor's mansion. And all it'll take is your support for one small reactor that'll probably be built anyway."

"I don't think so," said Trilby, shaking his head. "If the legislature passes

a bill allowing Southern California Electric to go ahead with the Las Culebras plant, I intend to veto it. But I don't think such a bill will ever be proposed—not after I expose Quine's bribe offer tomorrow morning."

Donna's green eyes opened wide. "Hugh, come to your senses!" the press secretary implored. "Think what it would mean... All your dreams, all your hopes, everything you've worked for could be realized if you'd just listen to reason!"

"I am coming to my senses, Donna," he said. "For the first time in a long time. And I know what building that reactor would mean: exposing millions of people to deadly danger—the very people who, as governor, I'd be sworn to serve and protect."

"You're just tired tonight, darling," Donna said softly. She smiled and began to move toward Trilby, slowly opening her blouse, button by button, again preparing to use sex to control him. When she reached his chair, she bent over, smiling more broadly now. Her breasts were bobbing over his head. "Little Donna knows what you need, darling," she cooed, reaching for his pants zipper. "I'm going to suck that big, powerful prick of yours and swallow every drop of your delicious cum."

Trilby pushed her away from him,

perhaps more strongly than he'd intended. She stumbled, landing halfway across the room, flat on her ass.

"You bastard!" she hissed. "You must be *crazy*!"

"Not anymore," Trilby said wearily. "I feel as though I've just come out of a bad dream."

"Bad dream?" Donna laughed abrasively. "You'd better wake up *now*, mister! Without me you were just a nobody—our all-time most forgettable lieutenant governor. I created your image. I manipulated the press until everybody thought you were the second coming of John F. Kennedy. You and I can have California in our pockets, Hugh, and maybe later on the whole country as well. Without me you're nothing!"

"You're wrong, Donna," Trilby said. "With you I was nothing but a smile, a handshake and an expensive suit. Tomorrow I start my *real* campaign. I'll tell the voters what I believe in, what I want to accomplish and what they can expect from me. I'll do the things I should've been doing all along."

"You asshole," snarled Donna, picking herself up off the floor. "The voters don't want that. They want a male model—someone who looks good in front of a TV camera. You start campaigning seriously, and Leonard Wittgenstein will mop the floor with you!"

"Maybe," Trilby replied. "But at least it'll be *me* losing—and not some personality boy who only *looks* like a candidate."

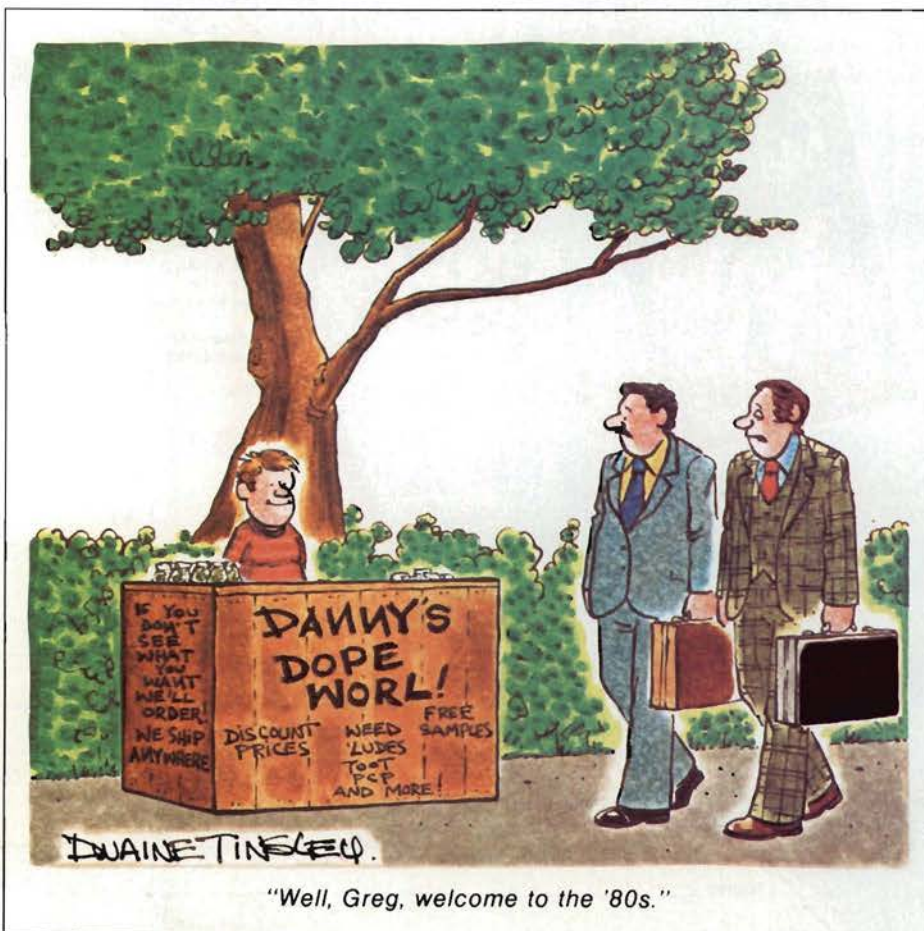
Donna's tone turned threatening. "I warn you, Hugh, there'll be trouble over this," she said, spitting out her words. "I'll tell everything I know about you—about *us*. How do you think it'll look when your sex life starts getting written up in the press?"

"Not as bad as it'll look tomorrow when I report *your* part in Quine's bribe offer," Trilby snapped back. "You may have forgotten that that sort of thing's against the law, Donna. I haven't."

"You wouldn't... you *couldn't*..." she whined, desperately trying to change his mind. She sensed that her power was quickly evaporating. "After all we've meant to each other—not only as lovers, but as working partners and fellow campaigners. I can't imagine that you could possibly feel so vindictive, so full of hate for me that you'd actually blow the whistle on me and—"

Trilby cut her off in mid-sentence. "You can bet I will," he said. "There's no sense in *both* of us winding up whores."

There was a new sparkle in his eyes as he showed her out the door. From now on, Hugh Trilby was on his own. 🐾



"Well, Greg, welcome to the '80s."

Everyone seems to be health-conscious these days, and I guess I'm no exception. About a year ago I changed from being a total sugar addict and junk-food junkie into a health-food fanatic. Dropping about 20 pounds was one of the benefits, and I feel a lot better. But every now and then I give in to an urge to visit the Big Freeze, a soft-ice-cream store in my hometown. I know that that hardly sounds like a kinky thrill, but a particular trip to the Big Freeze turned into one of the wildest and most memorable evenings of sex in my life.

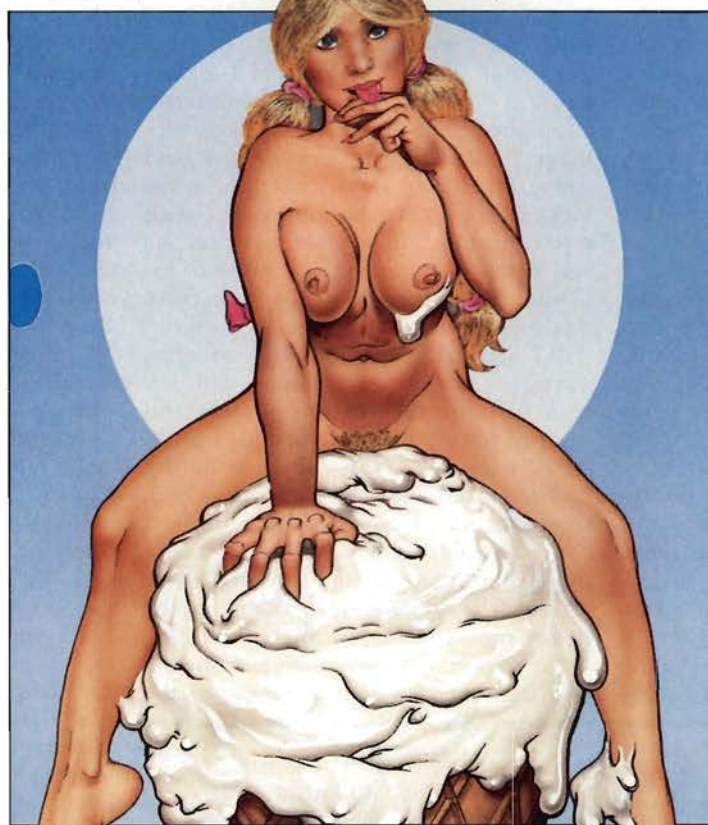
It was a Saturday night, and—like a lot of single guys—I had been cruising the local bar scene. I live in a small town in Ohio with only a few hot spots around, but a couple of my buddies and I checked them out. My pals were having a great time, drinking pitchers of beer and carousing with the usual crowd, but my heart just wasn't in it. It was the same old group of people picking each other up with the same old lines. Frankly, I had gotten tired of the whole thing and had even gotten bored with sex.

I called it a night and left the bar alone. The Big Freeze was on my way home, and I couldn't resist stopping for a quick snack to pick up my spirits. Eating because you're bored or depressed is not very smart, but sometimes it's worse to deny yourself a treat.

I parked my car and walked up to the take-out window. Along with one of the usual pimply-faced teenage boys who always manage to find employment at ice-cream parlors, there was a new girl working behind the counter. I figured her to be in her early 20s, although she had one of those faces that could let her pass for 16.

The new counter girl was a little on the plump side, but voluptuous and really cute. She had long, strawberry-blond hair tied into pigtails, a light sprinkling of freckles and full, sensuous lips. Her large, firm tits pressed against

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SWEET ECSTASY

by John Burk

her tight uniform, and it was obvious that she was braless. Leaning up against one of the metal ice-cream machines, she stood licking a chocolate cone. The two employees were apparently getting ready to close up and go home.

The kid took my order and disappeared. I found that I had a clear view of the strawberry blonde if I craned my neck a bit. She was concentrating on her ice cream and didn't seem to notice me staring at her. I watched spellbound as she slid her tongue down and around the sides of the cone and back up to the peak. She licked it with such intensity that a shudder ran through me just from imagining what that tongue

would feel like on my cock.

I continued to watch her, but when the pimply-faced kid returned to hand me my own vanilla-with-sprinkles, I fumbled and dropped the damn cone. The girl looked up just in time to see the whole thing and started giggling. I knew I had to either think quickly or kick myself for a week; so I flashed her my killer smile and confidently said, "I usually don't have so much trouble holding on to sweet things." Cary Grant would have admired the way I handled it.

Evidently she was impressed, because before long we were talking and laughing like we'd known each other for months. Her name was Holly, and she had just turned 21. She told me she was attending the local junior college and that her boyfriend had broken up with her several weeks before. I listened sympathetically and spoke to her like an old friend rather than a makeout king.

I stood talking with Holly and eating my ice cream (she had given me another one for free) while her co-worker closed out the cash register. I offered her a ride, and she accepted, telling the kid that he wouldn't have to drop her off. I could tell that he had a big crush on Holly, and giving her a lift would have been the high point of his day. His face fell, but he forced a smile as we drove away.

On the way to her apartment, Holly told me that since she'd stopped seeing her old flame, she'd been eating sweets like crazy and had gained nearly ten pounds. I reached over and pulled her close against me, assuring her that she looked just great. My right hand slipped down over her breasts, and I squeezed her lightly. I gripped one protruding nipple between my middle and index fingers while cupping my hand around the end of her tit.

She responded by sliding her hand between my legs and stroking the inside of my thigh. By now my heart was racing; I had a bulge in my jeans that I thought would break through the zipper.

Suddenly, Holly told me to pull over at one of those all-night quick-stop grocery stores. I was kind of pissed-off at this delay, but it seemed so urgent to her that I made a sharp turn into the lot. She hopped out of the car, returning in a few minutes with a small bag.

As we drove away, she pulled out a candy bar. I started to lecture her about eating too much junk food and candy. My words sounded empty, though, and I realized this wasn't the time or place for arguing. Here was a woman who hadn't been with a man in several weeks, and she was ready for some action. As for me, my own boredom with sex had been shattered by Holly's sweet openness and bruised ego... not to mention that red-hot body.

Holly quickly picked up where she had left off, edging her hand closer to my cock and burying her warm face in the side of my neck. I instinctively moved my right hand over her knee and then up to her thigh. I felt her breathing quicken as she opened her legs to accommodate my probing hand. Holly nearly bit off my earlobe as I slid my fingers under her panties, darting them in and out of her wet cunt. I hadn't steamed up my car windows like this since high school.

We reached her little studio apartment just in time; we were both nearly

shaking with passion. Once inside, she put her arms around my neck, and I pulled down the zipper on the front of her uniform, baring those big, milky-white breasts with coral-pink nipples. Practically falling on the bed, we struggled out of our clothes. I kissed her passionately on the mouth and worked my way down her neck, shoulders and breasts. Holly moaned softly and reached for my rock-hard cock. This was more than I could stand, and I let her guide my tool into her lovely pink slash.

Neither of us could hold off for very long. I shoved my cock deeper and deeper into her tight cunt while she locked her legs around my waist. In just a few minutes Holly cried out that she was coming. I gave it my all and exploded inside her, knowing that there was more in store for both of us.

We lay there motionless, our arms wrapped around each other and my cock still inside her. I pulled away and reached for my jacket to get out a joint. As I lit the weed, the girl from the Big Freeze scrambled to the side of the bed, where she had dropped the bag from the convenience store. She pulled out one of those thick striped candy canes, peeled off the cellophane and began licking the peppermint-flavored treat.

My senses were heightened from the pot, and I began to get a case of the

munchies myself. But I became so aroused watching Holly's tongue swirling erotically around the candy that all thoughts of eating food disappeared.

She saw my cock coming back to life, and a smile formed on her lips as she sucked the candy cane. I reached over and took it from her mouth, guiding her head to my cock and murmuring that it would taste even better. Without missing a beat, she granted my rod the same treatment, licking and gliding her tongue around the head of my pulsating prick.


I turned her around so that she was kneeling over me, her ass in the air in front of my face, while she continued sucking. Her head was bobbing up and down. I grabbed the wet candy cane and teasingly ran it up and down the length of her opening. Holly groaned, working more furiously on my cock, and I poked the cane into her cunt, slowly pushing it in and out and against her swollen clit.

After a while she broke away and, with one hand still on my cock, reached down into the bag again and pulled out a foil packet of candy. I recognized the package. It was Pop Rocks, carbonated candy that sort of explodes upon contact with saliva. Before I could protest, she tore the pack open with her teeth and dumped the small pink crystals onto her tongue. I heard little popping and crackling noises coming from her mouth as she got back on top of me.

When she put her mouth on my rod, it was like the Fourth of July. The tingling Pop Rocks exploded around my cock. It felt like my whole prick was immersed in a hot Alka-Seltzer bath.

I grabbed Holly's legs, pulling her ass down to my face, and went for her cunt. I poked my tongue in and out, tasting the mixture of sweet peppermint and her own juices. When I knew I was about ready to shoot my wad into her mouth, I cradled her clit on the tip of my tongue and then sucked it until she gasped and her whole body shuddered. A shiver tore through my own body, and I let go streams of stored-up cum.

We collapsed, completely drained of energy. Holly edged her face up to mine and kissed me lightly on the cheek. I smiled, and asked if that hadn't been better than eating candy. Grinning, she agreed.

This all happened about a month ago, and Holly and I are still seeing each other. Since quitting junk food and candy, she has lost the ten pounds she had gained before I met her. For Holly, sweets and overeating were simply substitutes for companionship and sex. But even though we're just a couple of ex-addicts when it comes to sugar, we still like to keep a few sweets around for some special sexual treats. 

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Honey

NOW THAT ELECTION TIME IS AT HAND, LET'S TAKE A LOOK BACK AT HONEY'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

IF THIS IS ANYTHING LIKE THE TWO CONVENTIONS DURING THE LAST ELECTION, WE CAN EXPECT SOME VIGOROUS POLLING BY THE HEADS OF EACH DELEGATION!

HMMM. I WOULDN'T MIND A VIGOROUS POLLING!

WELCOME!
REPUBLICAN
NATIONAL CONVENTION

OHIO

HOTEL

Shed T

THE GIRLS FIND THEIR WAY TO THE CONVENTION HALL.

I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO ZE STUFFING OF ZE BALLOT BOX!

THERE AREN'T ANY BALLOT BOXES HERE, MICHELLE! THEY TAKE THE ROLL!

I'LL TAKE THE ROLE, BUT NOT THE PASSIVE ONE!

THE CANDIDATES SOON APPEAR...

HI! I'M RANDY RAYGUN, AND THIS IS GORGED BUSHED, MY DEFEATED OPPONENT! CAN WE LEND YOU LADIES A HAND?

THEY SURE ARE ANXIOUS TO GET ERECTED!

YOU MEAN ELECTED!

NO, I MEAN ERECTED!



UP IN THEIR ADJOINING ROOMS THE GIRLS GIVE THEIR HELPERS A TIP!

RANDY, YOU DO HAVE A BIG LEAD!

BUT WE'RE FOR BUSHED!

Y'KNOW, GORGED, WE'RE NOT SO FAR APART, AFTER ALL!

I DON'T KNOW, RANDY! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER AT GIVING THE SHAFT THAN I WAS!

!!??!!

LATER, RANDY TELLS HIS CAMPAIGN BOSS, "SHIFTY" LA CZAR, ABOUT THE GIRLS.

THOSE GIRLS WERE REALLY TERRIFIC! BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, I HOPE YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET SUPPORT FROM THE PARTY MODERATES FOR OUR CONSERVATIVE POLICIES!

HMM! MAYBE THOSE GIRLS CAN BE OF SOME USE ... HMMM!

MEANWHILE, BUSHED AND HIS MANAGER CONFER...

I TELL YOU, CHARLIE, THESE ARE SOME ANGELS YOU OUGHT TO MEET!

EVEN THOUGH WE'RE OUT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE, I THINK I CAN GET THESE GIRLS TO UNKNOWINGLY HELP PERSUADE THE DELEGATES TO VOTE FOR OUR POLICIES! ... HMMM!

AND ON THE CONVENTION FLOOR...

EXCUSE ME, LADIES, BUT COULD I HAVE YOUR OPINIONS ON THE REPUBLICANS' POLICIES?

PERSONALLY, I LIKE RAYGUN'S POSITIONS!

AS THEY WALK PAST THE CAUCUS ROOMS, WHERE MEN OF INTEGRITY DEBATE THE ISSUES OF OUR TIMES, THE GIRLS GET A SURPRISE FROM HONEY...

GOOD NEWS, GIRLS!

TWO ANONYMOUS DONORS HAVE PICKED UP THE TAB FOR US TO "ENTERTAIN" SOME OF THE DELEGATES!

DOUBLES! I GET THE ARMS CONTRACT!

!!??!!



THE GIRLS RETURN TO THEIR SUITE TO FIND THAT THEY HAVE THE FLOOR!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO BE BUSY!

THAT MUST BE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY LINE!



UNAWARE THAT THE BUSINESS IS "PAID FOR BY THE COMMITTEES TO ELECT RAYGUN AND BUSHED," THE GIRLS BEGIN THEIR CAMPAIGN!

GOVERNOR, THIS IS ONE RACE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PULL OUT OF!

YAHOO!



ACTING AS "PARTY WHIP," ILSA TRIES TO PERSUADE THE UNDECIDED DELEGATES TO MAKE A DECISION!

VEN YOU STAND IN DER MIDDLE OF DER ROAD, GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE BOUND TO GET HIT!

NOW MORE THAN EVER!



UNEXPECTEDLY, MICHELLE BLOWS A DELEGATE'S COVER!

BOY, THAT RAYGUN SURE FOUND SOME SURE-FIRE PERSUADERS WHEN HE PICKED YOU GIRLS!

HUH?

WHA-!?!



WHEN THE MEN LEAVE...

MOST OF THOSE DELEGATES WERE PAID FOR BY RAYGUN'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER...

... AND THE REST BY BUSHED'S!

NO ONE IS GOING TO USE US AS BRIBES TO GET SUPPORT!

HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!...



ON THE NIGHT OF THE VOTING, EVERYONE CELEBRATES IN HONEY'S ROOM WITH A TOAST - BUT POON HAS ADDED SOMETHING TO THE MENS' DRINKS TO KEEP THEIR SPIRITS DOWN!

HERE'S TO KEEPING UP THE GOOD WORK!

IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD! HEH, HEH!



AND THANKS TO HONEY'S IDEA OF PLUGGING A MICROPHONE INTO THE CONVENTION'S PUBLIC-ADDRESS SYSTEM, THE DELEGATES HEAR AN IMPROMPTU SPEECH FROM THE CANDIDATES!

I CAN'T DEAL WITH THIS RECESSION!
I GUESS I'M OLDER THAN I THOUGHT!

I WANT YOU ALL TO KEEP
THIS A SECRET! IF THE
PUBLIC FINDS OUT, I'M
SUNK!



THAT'S
RAYGUN'S
VOICE!

THAT'S
BUSHED'S
VOICE!



BACK AT
MISSION
CONTROL...

THIS SLUMP IS TOO
MUCH FOR ME! HEY!
WHO'S IN THAT CLOSET?

HA,
HA,
MMF!

I
WONDER
WHO...?



POON TANG OPENS THE DOOR, AND...

THE
DEMOCRATS!

JUST WANTED TO SEE
IF THE OPPOSITION WAS
STILL BEING LOYAL.



THEY CAN FOOL SOME OF THE
PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME,
BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO GET
CAUGHT SOONER OR LATER!

CRACK!

BEFORE
LEAVING
FOR HOME,
THE GIRLS
LEAVE THE
POLITICIANS
SOMETHING
TO REMEMBER
THEM
BY...

SINCE WE'RE
CHAINED
TOGETHER
ANYWAY, RANDY,
HOW ABOUT
MAKING ME
YOUR
RUNNING MATE?

OW!
SURE, GORGED.
YOU'VE SHOWN
YOU CAN TAKE A
WHIPPING.



THE END

10 WORST CONGRESSMEN

(continued from page 88)

once explained. "The veteran congressman has the titles and powers, but to a large extent he takes advantage of neither." *Cleveland* magazine was even blunter. "Devine is just going through the motions until retirement sometime in the foreseeable future," it noted. "Never a workhorse, Devine of late has gotten lazier than ever, and despite seniority that looks impressive on paper, he is barely making a dent in the legislative process."

Devine's performance during his first 18 years in office cannot be discussed independently of the powerful Wolfe family, now in its third generation of controlling Columbus's main newspaper, the *Dispatch*, a radio and TV station and local financial institutions. Until they too could no longer stomach his weakness and shifted their support to a rival candidate, the Wolfes were said to control Devine. "He has faithfully done their corporate and ideological bidding," one knowledgeable writer declared, "and they have reciprocated by propping him up with fawning treatment in the *Dispatch*."

While his home city of Columbus suffers from air pollution, Devine has stubbornly voted against auto-emissions controls and legislation that would force utility companies to reduce pollutants spewing from their plants. He has also taken advantage of all opportunities to vote for nuclear power and to fight against legislation encouraging the development of solar energy. That's why he's been dishonored four times by being named to Environmental Action's Dirty Dozen list. Denouncing Medicare-funded abortions for the poor, Devine glibly says that the need for abortion stems from a woman's "excesses, indiscretions, carelessness, fornication or adultery." Such dim thinking shows not only a total disregard for a woman's right to do what she wants with her body, but also a remarkable insensitivity toward the entire female sex.

Congressman Tom Bevill Democrat-Alabama

At first glance, Tom Bevill does not appear to merit listing in the Terrible 10. The rather lackluster, 59-year-old legislator, first elected in 1966, is a moderate on social and racial issues by Alabama standards, and he's regarded as honest as politicians go these days. But as chairman of the Energy and Water Development Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, he has been instrumental in the maneuvering of expensive, unneeded and environ-

mentally destructive public-works projects through Congress.

Among the undertakings close to Bevill's heart is the biggest water project in the history of the nation—a \$3-billion boondoggle known as the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway (Tenn-Tom for short). The apparent purpose of the partially dug 232-mile waterway is to provide a commercial-navigation link between the Tennessee River and the Tombigbee River (which snakes through Alabama), in order to permit a shorter route for barges headed south to the Gulf of Mexico.

Recent reports indicate that the Army Corps of Engineers—notorious for pushing extravagant projects just to keep themselves busy—deliberately underestimated the cost of Tenn-Tom by \$545 million. There is also evidence that the commercial benefits of the waterway were purposely overestimated.

Understandably, those poor farming families living on the land fiercely opposed Tenn-Tom and the network of dams entailed by the project—one for which more dirt will have to be moved than was moved in the construction of the Panama Canal. Critics note that the project is fiscally wasteful at a time when human needs are going unmet; that it's destructive of farmland, fish and wildlife; and that it's detrimental to the railroad system that well serves the region.

The Tennessee Valley Authority's Tellico Dam was another wasteful and environmentally destructive project Bevill engineered through his committee. The nearly completed \$130-million dam and reservoir were pushed forward despite opposition from local farmers, environmentalists and the Cherokee Indians, whose ancestral religious home was flooded by the reservoir. The project destroyed 17,000 acres of prime farmland and priceless Native American archaeological sites. But it was a windfall for developers, who are building homes along the reservoir.

Congressman Robert K. Dornan Republican-California

It was like a confrontation in the Old West. On one side stood Bob Dornan, the former actor who once dispatched three men with a single bullet in the movie *Shores of Hell*. Opposing him—with words, not bullets—were hundreds of students at the University of California at Los Angeles. The issue: Would the X-rated film *Deep Throat* be shown in the student union?

"It's a bloody outrage that such a film would be allowed at a state-supported institution," screamed Dornan, the self-appointed censor.

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cide whether or not they want to see 'sexually explicit' material," editorialized the UCLA *Daily Bruin*, pointing out that greater harm would be done by censoring the showing of *Deep Throat*.

Fortunately, the voice of sanity prevailed, and the screening went ahead without a hitch. But the incident survives as typical of Dornan's mental bankruptcy. What this shrill spokesman for the New Right lacks in depth he compensates for in volume. His theatrical antics and long-winded diatribes embarrass even conservatives and have helped to make the 47-year-old, two-term congressman among the least-respected and least-effective members of the House. Dornan's hot-tempered speeches on the House floor prompted one Congressional staffer to offer a telling assessment of this son of a Ziegfield Follies showgirl: "He's a raving, flaming asshole."

His self-serving dramatics, in fact, may have unwittingly contributed to the defeat of the multibillion-dollar B-1 bomber program—the only expensive Pentagon-sponsored weapons system in recent years that Congress has rejected. During the floor debate, ex-Air Force pilot Dornan ranted on as he waved plastic models of the B-1. Then, as House Speaker Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill was explaining his opposition in a final speech to a hushed chamber, Dornan suddenly interrupted with a shrill cry of, "Yield! Yield!" A fellow Republican, shocked by this rude violation of Congressional manners and fearful of what Dornan might say next, yelled at him to sit down. When the B-1 was rejected by a razor-thin three-vote margin, one of its disgusted supporters moaned, "Because of that Dornan outburst, we got shot down in flames."

Although the amount of Dornan-sponsored legislation has been meager, he has found time to reject legal aid for the poor and to propose a series of measures that have aroused the ire of numerous women's groups. During the 1978 session he unsuccessfully attempted to attach numerous anticontraception and anti-abortion amendments to revenue bills, hoping to eliminate federal funding for such organizations as Planned Parenthood. Complained one Congress-watcher, "Dornan is gung ho about cutting social services to the needy, but strangely he wants to force women to bear unwanted children."

Senator S. I. Hayakawa Republican-California

During his four-year Senate stint S. I. "Sam" Hayakawa has amused millions with his laughable attempts at statesmanship. Many of his disgraceful public

statements underscore an obvious insensitivity toward his fellow man. Recently he recommended that handicapped persons register for the military draft. "For gosh sakes," he said, "a handicapped person with only one leg can become a tail gunner."

In the middle of the fuel crunch last year he suggested that gasoline prices should be allowed to rise "to \$1.50 or even \$2 a gallon; a lot of the poor don't need gas anyhow, because they're not working." A millionaire who owns four cars, the senator made that observation following an energy conference at the White House. He slept during part of that conclave as embarrassed members of the California delegation passed notes about whether someone should wake him up.

Hayakawa's napping during committee hearings and at his desk on the Senate floor has become legendary on Capitol Hill. So has his faulty logic. "We should keep the Panama Canal," he once said. "We stole it [from the Panamanians] fair and square." Having uttered that unethical mouthful, the weak-willed Hayakawa suddenly wavered 360 degrees and voted for the controversial treaty that returned the canal to Panama. Curiously enough, he was rewarded with a coveted seat on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Hayakawa's hypocrisy also extends to his public denunciations of men's magazines. On the one hand, he advises members of the women's movement to picket, demonstrate or use any other means to keep "that kind of pornography... off the stands." Yet for some time he was reportedly involved in the kinky San Francisco S&M sex scene—subjecting himself to whippings, bondage and literally being pissed on by women.

The 74-year-old senator's popularity, which has slipped dramatically in his home state since his election, hit a low point when he addressed a dinner sponsored by the Japanese-American Citizens League last March. The purpose of the \$100-a-plate dinner was to support legislation for a federal inquiry into the cruel internment of 110,000 persons of Japanese descent during World War II. Tastelessly, the senator used the occasion to discuss his proposed Iranian-hostage-crisis legislation. "We have every reason to round up all noncitizen Iranians and put them in relocation centers," he said. (Hayakawa and his family had escaped the Second World War internment—perhaps accounting for his woeful insensitivity.)

In any case, such clear-cut racism did not go unchallenged. "To many of us in the Japanese community, Hayakawa is a

(continued on page 126)

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

VINYL LOVE

Of all the products advertised in men's magazines, the one that seems to have most captured the popular imagination is the love doll. A typical ad for one of these items shows a drawing of a shapely woman and says that she's "lifesize," solid or inflated, with "detailed breasts" and such extras as "tight-fitting Greek features" and a "pulsating vagina." Some dolls are even equipped with a recorder that talks dirty to you. The prices of these dolls generally run from \$29 to \$99, with plenty of extra options that can up the cost another \$10 to \$30.

A good example of what you get when you order an inflatable love doll is "Marilyn," which is sold for \$29.95 by *M.K. Doll Imports* (P.O. Box 2127, Toluca Lake, California 91602). According to the ad, Marilyn is "a solid action love partner" (that's solid *action*, not a solid doll) "who COMES complete with ELEC-TRONIC LOVE MOTION!" In the "flesh," however, Marilyn looks like a cheap vinyl toy with a painted-on face, tits that are a different color and type of plastic than the body, and three openings—the mouth, ass and crotch—into which you can insert your cock. Because her mouth has to be round, Marilyn's facial expression makes her look something like Harpo Marx. Some doll's hair is implanted in the front of her head, in an attempt to provide a little sex appeal. The "electronic love motion" is a cheap vibrator you can stick up your ass or rub against your balls while you fuck this ugly beach ball with legs.

"Angie," which *Mail Mart* (P.O. Box 44241, Panorama City, California 91412) sells for \$34.95 (\$68 with extras), is slightly different from Marilyn in that she can be stuffed with polystyrene beads through an opening in her foot—which supposedly qualifies her as a "solid," not air-filled, doll. The beads might feel better than air, but not by much. Otherwise, she's just another piece of plastic.

An advertised technique used by other companies for making these dolls "solid" is called "soft foam." The doll arrives with an inadequate amount of shredded foam mattress stuffing already inside her and an aerosol can of Freon gas. You inflate her the rest of the way with the Freon, which eventually leaks out.

If you're the type of guy who'll fuck anything, including a vinyl dummy that smells like a life raft, Marilyn and Angie might be the girls of your wet dreams. But inflatable love dolls are usually disappointing. Your hand is cheaper, warmer and probably better-looking.

CLOSED LIFESTYLE

Lifestyle Products a/k/a Leisure Time Products (P.O. Boxes 16507 and 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216) has gone out of business. As *Mail-Order Feedback* readers know, this company was having serious problems for about a year. Unfortunately, when a mail-order firm goes under like this, some customers who have already paid for merchandise get screwed. But it illustrates a good reason to follow this column if you trade by mail: We'll continue to direct you to firms that are both reputable and solvent.

VALID VIDEO

We've had quite a few inquiries about *Direct Video* (1717 North Highland Avenue, Suite 701, Los Angeles, California 90028), which advertises in *HUSTLER* and *CHIC*. A number of readers, noting that *Direct* charges around \$100 apiece for videocassettes, have been curious about this company's reliability.

We're happy to report that *Direct Video* is a highly professional outfit that doesn't skimp or cut corners in providing quality and service. Its raw tape is the high-grade TDK brand. The master copies of films used for reproduction are specially processed to make them as clear and

spotless as possible. Tape-duplicating machines are maintained in a clean environment, checked regularly and dismantled often so that parts can be cleaned and replaced. "We charge a little more than a lot of companies," says *Direct Video* spokesman Saul Saget, "but the customer gets more."

VCX, the company that owns *Direct Video*, has exclusive video rights to such X-rated features as *Inside Desiree Cousteau*, *Star Virgin* and *Debbie Does Dallas*. "Anyone else you find selling these tapes is handling bootlegs," Saget tells us, "which means inferior copies."

Direct Video tapes have a bonus: Every film is preceded by hard-core previews of other films in the company's extensive line. If you're planning to make the plunge into video, this is a company you can trust.

TRAVELIN' MAN

More than two months ago I ordered a credit card from International Travel Card (c/o HUSTLER, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067) on the guarantee that I'd receive it within two weeks. So what gives? Where's my travel card?

—K. W.

Inglewood, California

Although *HUSTLER* is receiving orders for the *International Travel Card*, all accounts are being processed at ITC's headquarters in Jacksonville, Florida. When the company recently switched from manual processing to computers, a few orders got mixed up. Once we alerted ITC to the several complaints we'd received, one of its spokesmen quickly ironed out the problems, called K. W. and the other waiting customers and assured them their cards were in the mail. If you have any problems, call toll-free 800-874-4400 and ask for Bob Henry.

KELLY FAN

I've got the hots for porn actress Kelly Nichols, the fashion-model star of the horny movie Bon Appetit. Has she made any loops that I can get my hands on?

—J. B.

Ponca City, Oklahoma

Kelly is "Marianne" in the *Pretty Girls* film series, gulping and groping in flicks #68 and #80. You can order them for \$20 apiece (plus \$1.85 postage and handling) from *A.C.N. Products* (189 Garfield Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey 07740).

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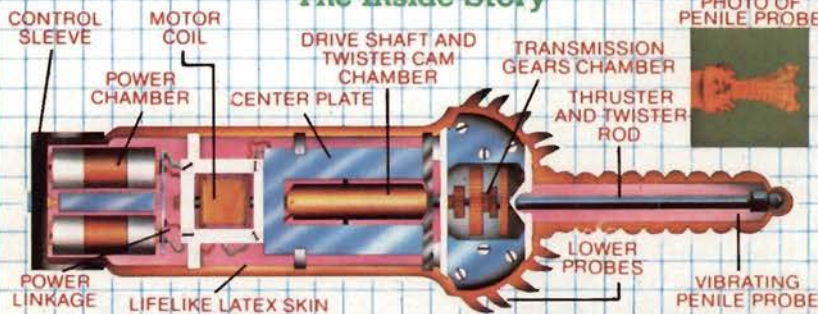


makes itself "felt" more and more as it thrusts deeper and deeper, spinning and shaking and probing as the long shaft traces wide arcs of exploration, slower or faster (you control the intensity!).

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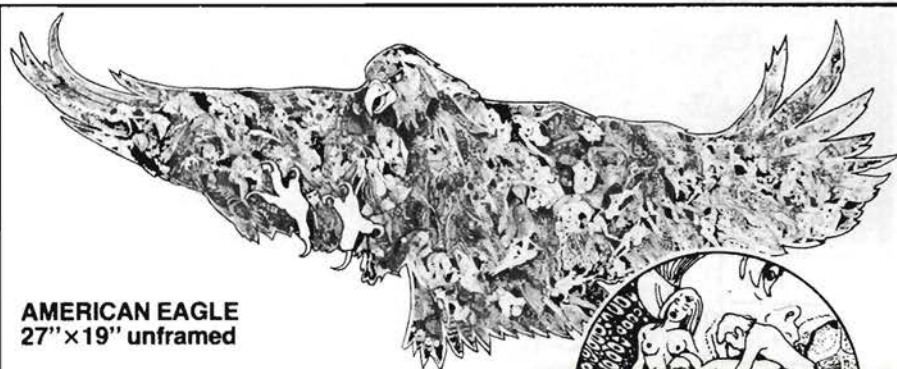
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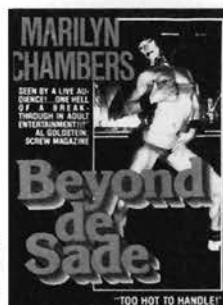
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10 WORST CONGRESSMEN

(continued from page 120)

total embarrassment," said one Citizens League official. Added another critic: "God help us if there are more men in America like Hayakawa."

Senator Russell B. Long Democrat-Louisiana

This son of Louisiana's legendary "Kingfish" Huey Long — the state's popular governor and senator who fought the oil companies and other special interests during the 1930s—has little of his daddy's compassion for the average man. Maybe that's because of all the money he's got in the bank. His most recent financial statement disclosed a net worth of \$2.8 million—nearly half of which consists of royalty interests in oil and natural-gas holdings.

That fact alone raises a lot of eyebrows around Washington. As chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, Russell Long has methodically fought to serve the big oil and gas companies while throttling efforts at loophole-plugging tax reform that would more equitably distribute the tax burden between industry and the ordinary wage-earner. To further serve his greedy needs, Long has also stacked the 20-member Finance Committee with seven cronies who also own oil and natural-gas interests.

"If you have financial interests completely parallel to those of your state, then you have no problem," he says, brushing aside his many critics. This ridiculous rationalization totally ignores the fact that the millions of consumers of gas and oil who form his constituency vastly outnumber the few rich energy-producers in Louisiana.

Now 62 years old, Long has been on a power trip during most of the 32 years he's spent in the Senate. As chairman of the Finance Committee since 1965, he maintains a stranglehold on most legislation dealing with energy, taxes, Social Security, welfare reform, national health insurance, hospital-confinement costs and trade. During that period he has presided over vast increases in Social Security taxes that take an increasingly bigger bite out of workers' paychecks. At the same time, he has made only nominal cuts of the income tax.

With typical arrogance, Long's committee once gutted the reform provisions of a House-passed bill that would have closed tax loopholes and subsidies beneficial to big corporations. Then the chairman had the audacity to persuade committee members to tack onto the bill dozens of special-interest measures—one of which would have benefited his

family's immense gas and oil holdings. Fortunately, an alert tax-reform group matched up the would-be beneficiaries with big contributors to past campaigns of committee members. The resulting publicity caused the embarrassed Long to reconvene the committee and weed out the most obnoxious elements of the giveaway.

Senator Jesse A. Helms Republican-North Carolina

In the tobacco fields back home in North Carolina they call 59-year-old Jesse Helms "The \$7-Million Man." That's because he spent \$7.5 million—more than any senator in U.S. history—to get himself reelected in 1978.

In Washington they call Helms "Senator No" because of his negative stands on several major issues. Last year he tried to sneak through an amendment that would have prohibited even *voluntary* busing of schoolchildren. Fellow senators saw through this brazen attempt to keep blacks segregated, and defeated the measure. Helms is also sponsoring a "Human Life Amendment" to the Constitution, which would not only prevent women from obtaining abortions, but also would limit their access to the birth-control pill and other methods of contraception.

Recently Helms branched out from such standard right-wing domestic issues as busing, abortion and school prayer into the realm of foreign policy. He repeatedly calls for the U.S. to get out of the United Nations. Two years ago thousands of sick people suffered while he used legislative sleight-of-hand to tie up U.S. contributions to the World Health Organization.

Since gaining a seat on the influential Foreign Relations Committee, he has dispatched his staff members around the world, creating a virtual shadow State Department. Last September he sent two top aides to London, supposedly as "observers" of the peace negotiations over Zimbabwe (formerly Rhodesia). But they spent much of their time trying to persuade Rhodesian white leader Ian Smith to hold the line against total black rule in the segregated nation. State Department officials were livid.

Helms was one of the two senators who made Environmental Action's 1978 Dirty Dozen list. Even a prominent home-state newspaper, the *Charlotte News and Observer*, rebuked him for being the only senator east of the Mississippi to co-sponsor a bill that would turn over 544 million acres of federally owned land to 13 Western states. The land grab would have ravished these open spaces, opening them to commercial exploitation. ☹

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PROFILE: LYNDON LaROUCHE

(continued from page 74)

the Jews), Wall Street banks and Nelson Rockefeller.

The Teamsters were soon using tens of thousands of those same pamphlets to combat reform elements within the union. And U.S. Labor Party members were enlisted to help smear reform candidates in union-local elections. Jim Rush, a member of Oakland Teamsters Local 70, recently filed a \$350,000 libel suit against the party and LaRouche-affiliated publications, charging that they wrongfully accused him of being a dope-pusher and of directing subversive and terrorist operations against his union. Those accusations cost him reelection as a part-time local official.

In exchange for such assistance, Teamsters officials contribute to LaRouche's U.S. Labor Party, although such contributions are usually disguised.

Rolland McMaster, a top Teamsters Union executive, was so taken with LaRouche and his drug program that he declared: "If only for the reason that he is committed to saving our next generation from drugs, I will now endorse Lyndon LaRouche for President of the United States." In fact, the Anti-Drug Coalition and its lofty goals are actually a smoke screen for many of LaRouche's more-unsavory objectives.

Besides breaking new ground with unions, LaRouche naturally takes great pains to forge alliances in his own backyard, the political Right. Notable among these is the extreme-right-wing Liberty Lobby—a group whose vicious anti-Semitism parallels his own. He has approached and been warmly welcomed by the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society and various White Citizens' Councils in the South.

With financial and moral support from such diverse resources, LaRouche has been able to afford widespread media exposure during his run for the Presidency, earning himself even greater credibility. During the last weeks of the primaries, for example, he paid \$210,000 for three nationally televised commercial spots that aired in prime time.

The continuing danger in LaRouche's incessant drive for believability is that he will do practically anything to get his views across, no matter who stands in his way. Consider the sad case of Earle Spring, a 78-year-old Massachusetts resident whose request that he be removed from a life-sustaining kidney-dialysis machine—so that he could die in peace—had been honored by a probate court. Those who support euthanasia, which allows a terminally ill patient to

choose to die, are considered by LaRouche to be murderers. During this year's Massachusetts primary he helped devise a cruel scheme to steal votes away from Senator Ted Kennedy, an advocate of euthanasia.

Three of LaRouche's followers talked their way into Spring's hospital room one night, bringing in banks of glaring lights, audio equipment and video cameras. They prodded the stunned man into an upright position, stuck a microphone into his face and began to question him.

"Mr. Spring, do you believe that life is good?" asked Donna McDonough, one of the three intruders.

"Yes," the patient replied.

"Mr. Spring," McDonough continued, "do you want to die?"

He thought for a moment and then weakly answered, "No."

When Spring said no, he was responding only in theory. He wanted to live if he could live without pain. Since that was impossible, in truth he preferred to die.

Callously, the LaRouche group went to State Supreme Judicial Court Judge John Keedy with their videotape recordings, their witnesses and their affidavits. Unaware that the old man had been unhooked at his own request, the judge ordered him back on dialysis. His life was thereby prolonged, and so was his suffering. A day later—when Spring died in agony, no longer able to breathe—the judge was belatedly told of his mistake.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Labor Party issued a typically misleading press release: "Earle Spring's second chance for life occurred only after he became the center of a major international mobilization launched by Democratic Presidential candidate Lyndon LaRouche." Fittingly, LaRouche's heartless scheme failed to arouse Massachusetts voters, and he received only 2% of the ballots cast.

Nevertheless, it is this very sort of callousness toward humanity—abusing people to further his own ends—that makes Lyndon LaRouche dangerous. By distorting the truth, by hiding his vicious and racist tactics under a conservative cloak, LaRouche has managed to gain significantly more nationwide support than he deserves. While he won't be a threat in the 1980 election, what about 1984? What if he's able to deceive even more voters, and his substantial financial backing continues to grow? Perhaps the prospect of having a certifiable Fascist in the White House is not as remote as the American electorate would like to believe. 🐾

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WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES

(continued from page 50)

years, Harding was involved with Carrie Phillips, the wife of a department-store owner in his hometown of Marion, Ohio. The relationship took hold while Mrs. Harding was in a Columbus hospital, and Carrie's husband was undergoing medical treatment in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Harding stopped by one day to comfort her over the recent death of her son, and wound up giving Carrie additional comfort in bed. The two of them managed to keep their affair secret from their spouses for years. Some time after all their deaths, in the course of researching a biography, writer Francis Russell came across 250 passionate love letters from Harding to Carrie Phillips. Many of them ran 30 or 40 pages, written in pencil on scratch-pad paper as well as on U.S. Senate stationery.

Describing their sexual activities, Harding was often explicit and unrestrained. Unfortunately, all of these letters are sealed in the Library of Congress until the year 2000. "At times the love-stricken Harding turned to verse," Russell reported. "In the autumn of 1912, after he had seen De Koven and Smith's stage musical *The Wedding Trip* in New York, he returned to his room in the Hotel Manhattan, and in his exaltation composed 20 flowing stanzas full of fire about Mrs. Phillips's lips, her breath, her mouth, her clothes—and how she looked without them."

By 1917, while Carrie was in the midst of a three-year visit to Europe with her husband, then-Senator Harding had taken up with another girl from Marion—this one 30 years younger than himself. Nan Britton was just 14 when she began supplying school-news items to Harding, at the time editor of the *Marion Star*. Two years after he entered the Senate, she wrote to him from New York, asking his help in finding employment. Before long they were regularly renewing their acquaintance in New York hotel rooms, and Nan had a job with the U.S. Steel Corporation. Later, in her autobiography, she recalled an embarrassing predicament that happened during a July 30, 1917, tryst at the Manhattan Hotel:

"Our room faced Broadway, but we were high enough not to be bothered by street noises. We were quite alone. I became Mr. Harding's bride—as he called me—on that day. But then the telephone startled us. Mr. Harding jumped up to answer it. He said, 'You've got the wrong party.'"

"Almost simultaneously there was a rap at the door. It was unlocked from

outside, and two men came in."

The men were house detectives checking on reports of an illicit rendezvous in the room. At first, neither of them realized they had encountered a U.S. senator.

"One man asked my name," Britton continued. "I whispered to Mr. Harding, 'What shall I say to them?'—curiously enough not feeling much fear in the distress of the situation. I loved Warren Harding so much that if he were with me, it didn't matter what happened."

"Tell them the truth!" he said. "They've got us!"

"He seemed so pitifully distressed. So I told the man my name, where I lived, where I worked. Mr. Harding sat disconsolately on the edge of the bed."

"Let this poor little girl go!" he entreated them... To almost every argument he advanced in my behalf they answered, 'You'll have to tell that to the judge.' They intimated that they were sending for a police patrol. I did become frightened then."

"About that time one of the men picked up Harding's hat. Inside was his name, 'W. G. Harding,' and upon seeing that name they became calm immediately. Not only calm but strangely respectful, withdrawing very soon. We completed our dressing. We packed our things immediately, and the men conducted us to the side entrance. On the way out, Mr. Harding handed one of them a \$20 bill. When we were in the taxi, he remarked explosively, 'Gee, Nan, I thought I wouldn't get out of that for under \$1,000.'"

After that, to avoid his wife's scrutiny during Senate recesses, the two of them met and made love in Ohio and Illinois. Once, Nan accompanied him—as his "niece"—on a trip to Indiana. While Congress was in session, they used beds in borrowed Washington apartments and the couch in his private office on Capitol Hill.

In 1919, nine months after a quickie on that same couch, Nan gave birth to a daughter and named her Elizabeth Ann Harding. Although he never saw the child, Harding promised to look after Nan and the baby, usually sending them \$100 or \$150 a week. When Nan came to Chicago to work on Harding's 1920 Presidential campaign prior to the Republican convention, she serviced him several times before he was nominated and once afterward. He gave her three \$500 bills in gratitude.

The romance continued after Harding was elected and moved with his wife into the White House. In *The President's Daughter*, a best-selling book published after Harding's death, Nan Britton

recounted the details of one of their White House meetings: "He introduced me to the one place where, he said, he thought we might share kisses in safety. This was a small closet in the anteroom, evidently a place for hats and coats, but entirely empty most of the times we used it. We repaired there many times in the course of my visits to the White House, and in the darkness of a space not more than five feet square the President of the United States and his adoring sweetheart made love." Obviously, Harding must have been either kinky or a con-tortionist. These hot-and-heavy sessions usually concluded with Nan leaving the White House by means of a secret passageway.

Some 30 years later, such precautionary measures rarely were observed. Insiders reported that John F. Kennedy—the 35th president—openly entertained an assortment of actresses, models, diplomats' wives, secretaries and campaign volunteers in his wife Jacqueline's absence, sometimes utilizing the second-floor bedroom in the East Wing. When JFK became America's youngest elected chief executive in 1961, replacing golfing fanatic Dwight D. Eisenhower, Kennedy adviser Ted Sorensen had commented: "This administration is going to do for sex what the last one did for golf."

From the outset Sorensen's prediction seemed to be right on the mark. According to one unsubstantiated story, Kennedy began his 1,000 days in office by making love to three women—one at a time, of course—on the very morning of his inauguration. That same story—disguised as fiction in Richard Condon's novel *Winter Kills*—insists that JFK had scored with 470 women by the time he was elected to Congress, 903 when he entered the Senate and nearly 1,600 by 1961. Among the many notches on his belt was stripper Blaze Starr—who asserts she made it with him standing up in a New Orleans hotel closet. Remarkably, he did all this despite suffering from Addison's disease—a form of anemia—and a lame back.

Whether or not the magnitude of Kennedy's supposed conquests is accurate, there is little doubt of his success with a group of movie-star pinups that included Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Angie Dickinson and Kim Novak. And there was even a party girl or two among the many who fulfilled his sexual needs. One of them—blue-eyed, raven-haired Judith Campbell Exner—shared her bed not only with the President but also with Mafia boss Sam ("Momo") Giancana.

Entertainer Frank Sinatra had intro-

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duced Exner to the President at a Las Vegas gathering early in the 1960 campaign. Their subsequent two-year affair, according to Exner, included twice-a-day phone calls; a four-day rendezvous at New York's Plaza Hotel, where their lovemaking began; and romantic fun and games in Palm Beach, Chicago, Los Angeles and even in JFK's Georgetown home while Jacqueline Kennedy was out of town. When Exner was recovering from an appendectomy, she said, the President sent her three dozen roses a week. She claimed to have been with him approximately 20 times in the White House and to have known him "in ways that no one else did."

Another Kennedy paramour, Washington socialite Mary Pinchot Meyer, disclosed that she once smoked grass with JFK in a White House bedroom. One night in 1962 this divorcee in her early 40s said she produced a snuff box containing six marijuana cigarettes.

"Let's try it," Kennedy said.

They sat on the bed and smoked two joints. The President smoked the grass inexpertly, in short puffs, flicking the ash off.

"This isn't like cocaine," the President observed. "I'll get you some of that."

He and Meyer never again used drugs together. But on his own, as an energy-enhancer, Kennedy received regular injections of megavitamins and amphetamines from Dr. Max Jacobson—a since-disbarred New York physician well-known to jet-set pill-takers. Kennedy was also fond of Gerovital, a procaine-novocaine derivative that supposedly stimulates the sex drive, acts as an antidepressant and promotes long life.

Grover Cleveland's zeal for prematurely snuffing out life—as sheriff of Erie County, New York, he had personally placed the noose around condemned murderers' necks and sprung the trap door—once prompted a most unflattering nickname: "The Hangman of Buffalo." In the 1884 Presidential campaign his reputation was again being questioned by big, black headlines in the *Buffalo Evening Telegraph*: A TERRIBLE TALE—A DARK CHAPTER IN PUBLIC MAN'S HISTORY.

It seemed that back in 1871 the 260-pound man with the walrus mustache and overly ample waistline had been a member of the Jolly Reefers, a group of unmarried men who gave parties at which accommodating women were welcome. One of these guests, Maria Halpin, had given birth to his illegitimate child—naming him Oscar Cleveland.

The *Evening Telegraph* had discovered that within a year after Cleveland

refused to marry the pretty, 35-year-old widow, she began drinking heavily. And that soon thereafter, at Cleveland's request, young Oscar was taken to a Protestant orphanage, and a few hours later Mrs. Halpin was committed to a Catholic institution for the mentally unbalanced. Both actions were accomplished without court hearings and annoying publicity.

Now, 13 years later, religious leaders and church papers were urging Cleveland's defeat. At torch-lit rallies the Republican opposition was taunting the candidate with cries of "Ma! Ma! Where's my Pa? Gone to the White House. Ha! Ha! Ha!" On the advice of his campaign managers, Cleveland did something unusual for a politician: He admitted his dalliance with the widow Halpin. He added that the boy had been adopted by a prosperous couple who promised that he would be educated and launched on a professional career.

After carrying the election by just 36 electoral votes, Cleveland again set the tongues of moralists wagging when he married a beautiful girl young enough to be his daughter. He had been the legal guardian of 22-year-old Frances Folsom since the death of her father, 11 years before. The marriage produced intermittent gossip that The Hangman of Buffalo drank heavily and beat his wife and that her unhappiness caused their five children to be born deaf and dumb. In truth, the children were perfectly normal.

Throughout the 191-year history of the Presidency, similar examples of newspaper sensationalism have tended to blur fact with fiction. For generations, rumors have persisted that President Harrison supposedly suffered a fatal heart attack in a whorehouse. But the rumors are so fuzzy that nobody could ever definitely determine whether the unfortunate victim was the ninth president, William Henry Harrison, or the 23rd, his grandson Benjamin. And the mistress of Chester Alan Arthur, the 21st president, was said to be the daughter of a Supreme Court Justice.

Woodrow Wilson's attentions to a widow, only two months after his wife's death, inspired a pair of widely believed fables—(a) that Wilson had conspired with his doctor to poison his wife because he loved another woman; and (b) that for the same reason, Wilson pushed his wife down the stairs, causing fatal internal hemorrhaging. Later, Wilson's image was compromised by a typographical error in the *Washington Post*. Describing an evening he and his new fiancée spent at the theater, the story noted that instead of watching the performance, "the President spent most

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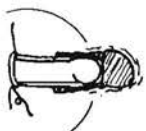
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of his time entering Mrs. Galt." The word *entering* was changed to *entering* in later editions.

If nothing else, such spicy stories made good reading when they were first disclosed. Yet once many of them had a chance to run the test of time, they proved to contain at least a grain of truth—particularly in matters involving sexual intimacies. Sometimes, in fact, revelations about other women have added a positive romantic dimension to a president's historic image.

Whispers of Dwight D. Eisenhower's wartime attachment to a British WAC—although vigorously denied in the 1940s and 1950s—did little to impair his popularity. Kay Summersby, a tall, rangy fashion model with a turned-up nose, was first assigned to chauffeur Ike around London in 1942.

During the ensuing three-and-a-half years, as she accompanied him on trips around Europe, North Africa and the Middle East, the two of them fell in love. In the last weeks of the war, in fact, Ike asked to be relieved of his command so that he could come home, divorce his wife and marry Summersby. His immediate superior, General George Marshall, wrote a blistering denial of this request.

In *Past Forgetting*, a candid memoir published soon after her death in 1976, Summersby recited the details of her ongoing affair with Eisenhower—although most of their intimate moments turned out to be platonic. According to her account, Eisenhower twice tried to make love to her, failing to get it up on each occasion. The first time his excuse was fatigue. Ike made his move well past midnight, at his townhouse in London's Berkeley Square, after returning from a tiring trip to the United States. Both he and Kay were in uniform as they sat sipping a nightcap.

"Ike refilled our glasses several times and then, I suppose inevitably, we found ourselves in each other's arms in an unrestrained embrace," Summersby wrote. "Our ties came off. Our jackets came off. Buttons were unbuttoned. It was as if we were frantic. And we were."

"What happened next was not what I expected. Warily, we slowly calmed down. He snuggled his face into the hollow between my neck and shoulder and said, 'Oh, God, Kay. I'm sorry. I'm not going to be any good for you.' I didn't know what to say except 'You're good enough for me. What you need is some sleep.'"

"It was a bit embarrassing struggling back into the clothes that had been flung on the floor. Finally we were dressed. Ike looked troubled... We kissed good-night."

A year later, at Eisenhower's new residence in West Germany, the two of them were again relaxing with a drink—this time seated on a big leather couch in front of a roaring fire. Ike had just told Kay that he had arranged for her to become an American citizen.

"We sat there on that sofa, making daydreamy plans for the future, kissing, holding hands and being quite indiscreet for the rest of the afternoon," she recalled. "Never in all the time I had known him had I had to hold Ike back. He had always been very circumspect, but this afternoon he was an eager lover. The door was closed, and I knew that nobody from the household would be walking in..."


"The fire was warm. The sofa was soft... We held each other close, closer. Excitedly. I remember thinking... Wouldn't it be wonderful if this were the day we conceived a baby—our very first time. Ike was tender, careful, loving. But it didn't work."

"Wait," I said. "You're too excited. It will be all right."

"No," he said flatly. "It won't. It's too late. I can't." He was bitter. We dressed slowly. Kissing occasionally. Smiling a bit sadly."

For the past 191 years historians have tried to put into perspective the persistent folklore about mistresses of the presidents—even when there was little foundation for it. "Europeans always delighted in the amours of their kings, just as the poorest Moslems who could not afford even the four wives permitted by Mohammed gloried in the sheer numbers of their rulers' concubines," explains Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer Fawn Brodie.

"The Americans... enjoy what seems to be evidence of masculinity in their leaders. Though there has always been protest at love or sexual liaison outside marriage among Presidential candidates, there is no good evidence that rumors of it ever cost the presidents many votes."

Evidence also suggests that Americans are pleased by implications that the men who lead them are unusually virile—active in sexual affairs as well as affairs of state. That's why the public feeds on even the smallest morsel of pillow talk concerning the nation's chief executives. Despite the stresses and strains of running the nation, the hours of meetings and appointments and the pressure of day-to-day crises, there always seems to be time for a pleasurable romp with an available woman. Like the rest of us, the men who have occupied the Oval Office are only human. 

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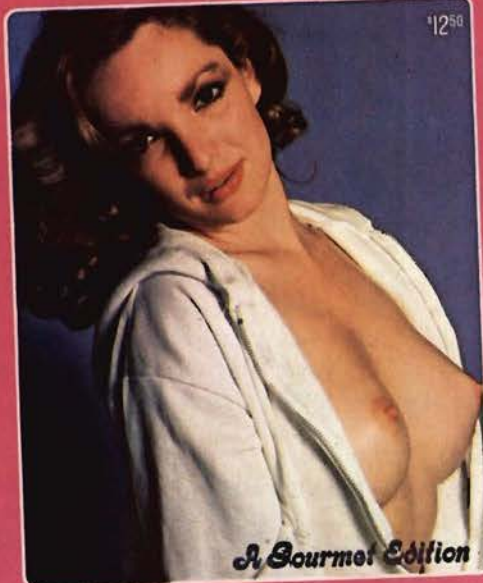
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TIPI

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AL DAVIS—A man of immense ego and flash, the Oakland Raiders' managing general partner is as mysterious in his personal life as he is ruthless in the world of professional football. Davis isn't satisfied merely with having

turned the team into a powerhouse franchise worth millions. He's now tackling National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle and the team-owners in his drive to move the Raiders to the greener pastures of Los Angeles, where his team's value could conceivably double. Scott Winokur profiles this mediocre-college-athlete-turned-NFL-renegade.

KILLING TIME—Troubled by dreams from what appears to be a former life, a television executive seeks relief in the bed of a beautiful woman. Can she free him from his haunting visions, or will she lead him deeper into the tunnel of his past? Fiction by Leigh Vance.

PHOTO-FEATURES—Your eyes will glitter at the beauty of **TIPI: GOOD AS GOLD**, our December centerfold. You'll also join a pair of luscious ladies for **BREAKFAST IN BED**, and watch a slave dutifully serving his **QUEEN OF THE NILE**. And to take the chill out of the winter air, spend a vacation in the sun with **KELLY: WARMING UP**.

PLUS—A festive December lineup that includes such favorites as **BITS & PIECES**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **KINKY KORN**, **SEX PLAY**, **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK**, **BEAVER HUNT** and **HONEY**.



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